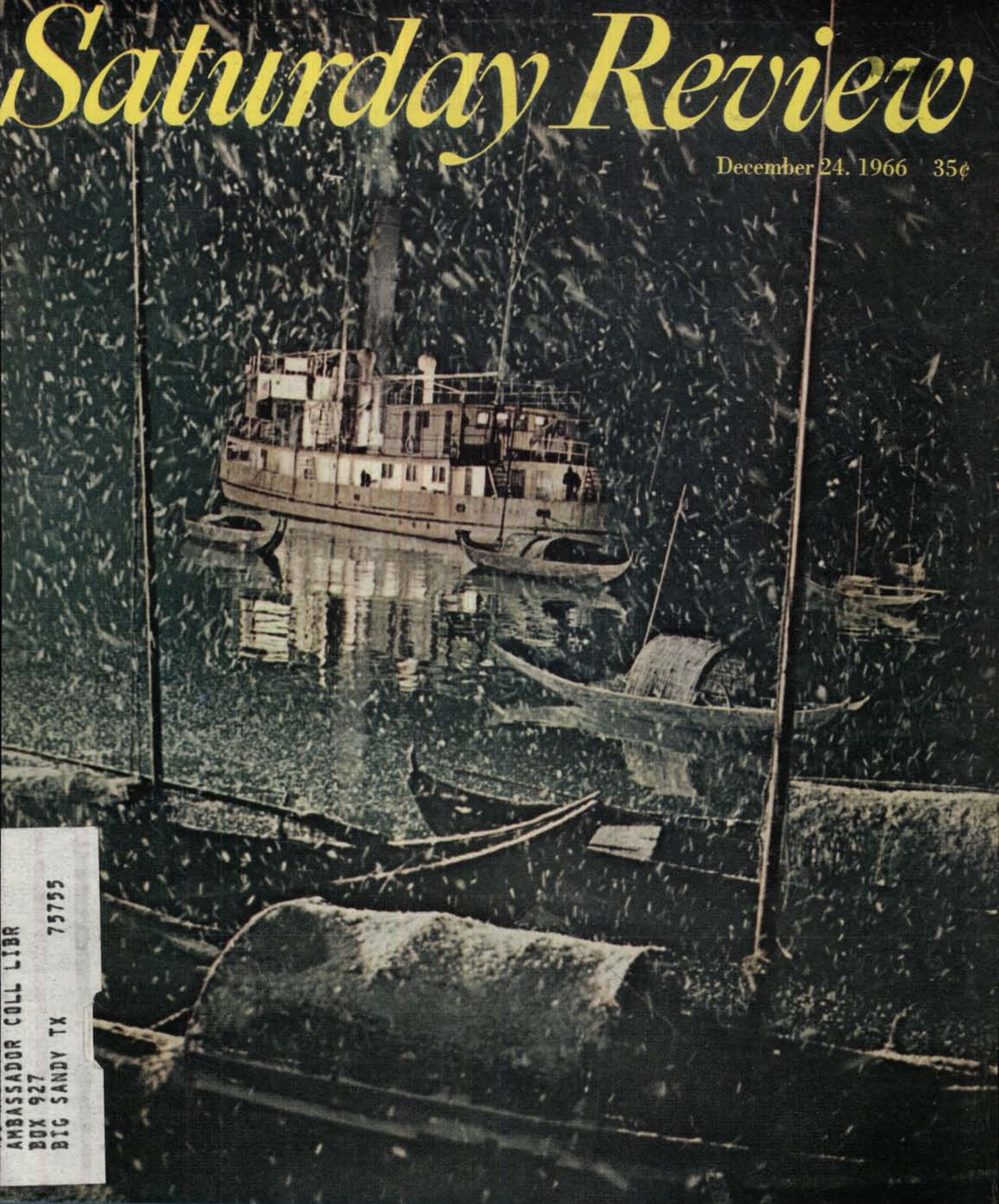
Saturday Review

December 24, 1966 35¢



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Scene from "The Sand Pebbles" (see page 62).

SR's Annual Film Survey

THE AMERICAN MOTION PICTURE: 1966

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Saturday Review

December 24, 1966

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Handles With Care

An Open Letter

Dr. William Haddon, Jr.,
Administrator,
The National Traffic Agency

Dear Mr. Haddon:

As a taxpayer and motor vehicle driver I wish to thank you for your interest in the safety of my vehicle. It is nice of you to invite comment, and I have an idea which may help. It seems to me that you have neglected one of the most dangerous components of today's automobile. This single feature, fraught with deadly peril, has probably caused more highway deaths than all other faulty parts rolled into one. And unlike other booby traps concealed in the car's vitals, it is visible, highly publicized, and can be easily corrected at trifling expense.

I refer to the names of cars. What good are grim warnings about safety when you put a man behind the wheel of a Fury, a Sting Ray, a Tempest, a Thunderbird? Why bother with seat belts when you blast off at the controls of a Comet, a Polara, a Galaxie? We can double the State Police forces and they will be helpless before the wild zeal of the man who owns a Mustang, a Wildcat, a Spyder, or a Barracuda.

The wise men tell us that these names are chosen not only to stimulate man's urge for speed and power: they are also designed as aphrodisiacs to incite old men to act younger and to make children act older. In any case it is crystal-clear that drivers of all ages, most of them sane and sober before they turn the key in the switch, are automatically transformed into Monte Carlo maniacs with James Bond syndromes.

This grave situation can be corrected in thirty days flat. All you have to do is pass a law to make the manufacturers call back all the cars and rename them. To help you out, I have compiled lists of pre-tested names, all guaranteed not to increase the pulse rate, blood pressure, or amorous appetite. For example, a Mustang becomes a Dobbin, a Sting Ray becomes a Sand Flea, a Tempest becomes a Teapot, a Spyder becomes a Fly, a Wildcat becomes a Kittycar.

For future models, I have pre-tested names according to the age brackets of potential drivers. For the late teens and early twenties I recommend the names of pleasant, unexciting but noble little beasts, like Lamb, Ant, Burro, Beaver, Tortoise, or Commuter.

For middle-aged marrieds, names symbolizing domestic bliss, like Peace, Moderation, Meat Loaf, Rocker, Stroller, or PTA.

For the moneyed prestige-seekers, there are solid names: Cashier, Teller, Security, Debenture, Bookkeeper, and Dow-Jones.

For senior citizens the category could include: Medicar, Myopia, Thrombosis, Mayo, Mt. Sinai, and Forest Lawn. I had included Sexagenarian in this category, but early testings indicated confusion in the potential market: teen-agers outnumber senior citizens ten to one.

It has been proved conclusively by computer trial runs that this single change in the American auto will reduce traffic fatalities by several per cent.

I certainly hope you get busy on this.

Respectfully yours,
HARLAND MANCHESTER.

The Creatures

HOW I got here I do not know or what these creatures are who seem to command me. They are not like me; for one thing, they are much larger, and differently formed. They are not beautiful. They are strong, but slow; they tower over me, yet I believe that I could do them harm. On the other hand, something tells me that they could do me an even greater harm. Instinct, perhaps? I have had no instruction. I think they could kill me. In the past, I have been beaten.

They communicate with one another in strange ways. They make meaningless sounds, but appear to understand one another. And they have strange powers: Walls fly open before them and close again; they cause objects to fly through the air.

And they change their skins; they take off one skin and put on another.

As I say, they are slow-moving; they seem to have a different time-span from us. I say "us" because there are in fact two of us, a young female and myself. I have no idea where she came from; one day she simply appeared. She was frightened at first and wept a great deal, but after a while she seemed to settle down and now she seems thoroughly at home. She is pretty, but I do not concern myself with such things. She accepts me and even teases me from time to time, which I do not like very much. They call her "Meghan" and they call me "Henry." I don't know why. I never think of myself as Henry.

These creatures, in whose power I

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am, can create light and darkness. They are like gods; they can command fire, and sometimes they are wreathed in smoke which I find pungent and disagreeable. At other times, they have a flower-smell, which makes me sneeze.

There are two of them; I call them Rowwgh and Riigh. Rowwgh is the larger of the two. Their skins differ in texture and design, and the sounds they make are different, too; Riigh makes a higher, more shrill sound. Perhaps, like Meghan, Riigh is a female, but I cannot tell.

They come and go at will; they travel with extraordinary speed on the backs—or in the laps—of other, larger creatures whose exact nature is uncertain. They do not appear to grow old. They bring sounds out of distant objects.

My position here is ambivalent. I do not know what they want of me. I am not a slave; I am not asked to do anything, except to go away when they tell me to—or to come when they call. There are pleasant times, when we walk together, all four of us, in the air outside. Other creatures like our own stop to admire Meghan and me; the air is filled with flying things and with agreeable smells. Rowwgh and Riigh do not fear the larger flying things, only the smaller. I do not understand this.

On the whole, however, they are fearless; loud noises do not distract them. Yet they cry out sometimes in their sleep. They are mercurial; they caress me at one moment, only to turn away the next, as though bored or irritated. I watch them constantly; if only I could communicate with them: I am sure that they would have much to tell me. But they have never answered the simplest question.

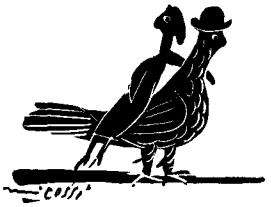
They do not show affection as we do; they do not kiss delicately as we do. Instead, they place their open mouths together and suck. Their breeding habits—if they do breed—are unimaginable.

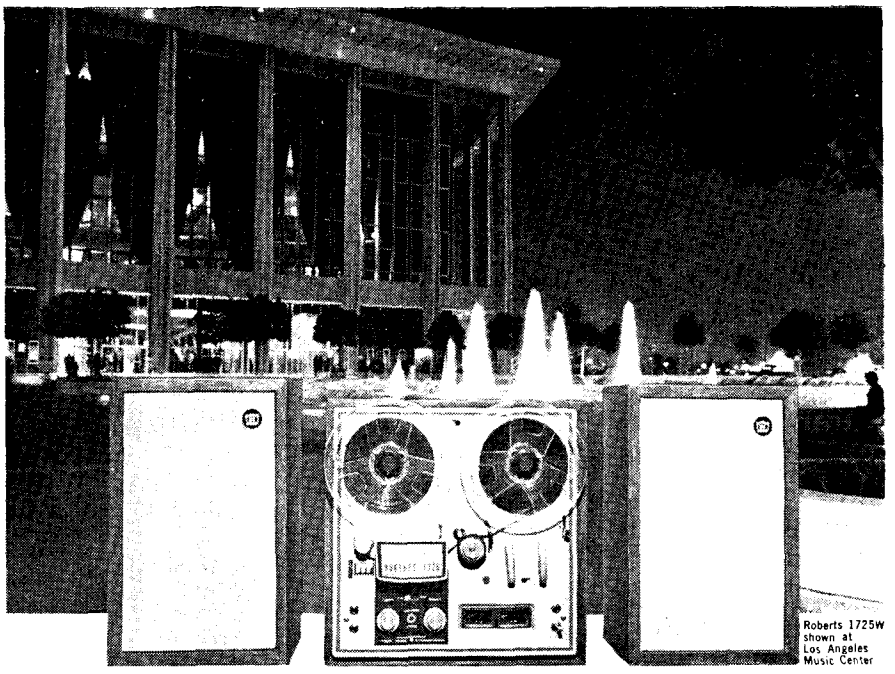
Are they, like us, some sort of accident of nature? Or did some Power, superior to their own, bring them into being? And is that Power dead? And are these creatures His descendants?

When they quarrel, which is often, they always make the same bird-like sounds: Rowwgh exclaims "shetep, shetep"; and Riigh cries "dmaiu, dmaiu," over and over.

They have no way of showing pleasure. After all, when I am given a bone, I wag my tail.

—Robert Nathan.





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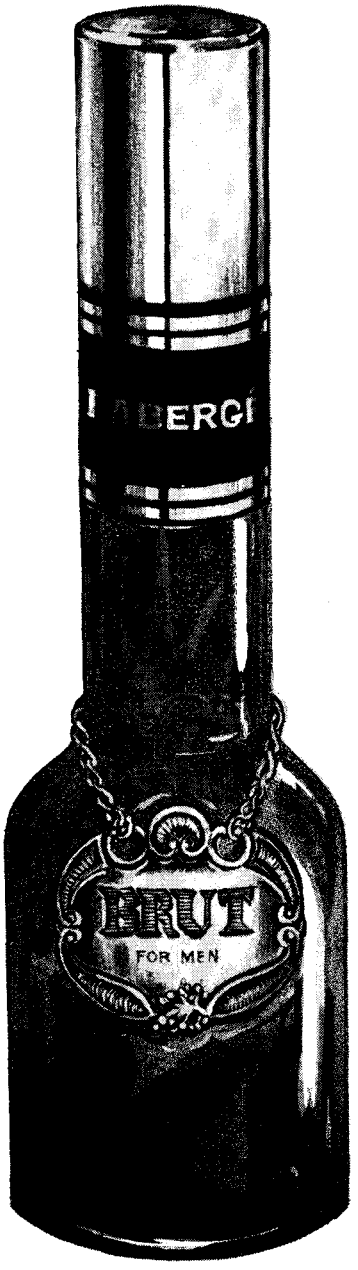
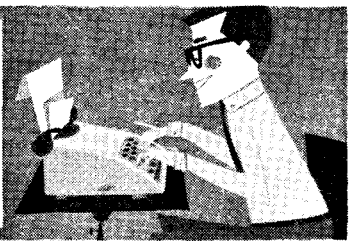


For after shave, after shower, after anything! **Brut.**

Top of My Head



Scrooge Comes Down the Chimney

IN THE SPIRIT of the season here I come with a Ho Ho Ho and a sackful of cheer for the Hundred *Really* Neediest Cases. Every one of them is a TV star, living in upholstered squalor in a vast depressed area known as Fool's Paradise.

My bag is stuffed with something these needy cases covet most and are desperately in need of: thousands of rating points to be distributed among these children who toil week in and week out in the cobalt fields.

The other Santa Claus has taken care of the good little boys and good little girls. The rest are left to me. As far as I'm concerned there are no bad boys or bad girls. There are only bad scripts and bad concepts with which the tots keep company. To them I bring these Goodies. And who is to say who is the real Santa Claus and who isn't?

I fly low over the home of Lucille Ball and drop my first little packet of Goodies—5.2 points. These she may add to her rating if she will abandon this thing she has about scrubwomen. Almost every special in which she appears shows her with mop and pail, swathed in a tattered garment, her crown of red hair in disarray.

This attraction which attractive TV women have to making themselves appear slovenly also bedevils Carol Burnett. And to her goes another Goody—5.2 rating points—if she will but forgo the little old lady who scrubs offices after hours and sings a mopey little song into the stringy yarns of an upended mop.

In the hushed dawn of a Christmas morn I fly low over the homes of Dean Martin, Phil Harris, Jackie Gleason, and Frank Sinatra. I find them coming home, weaving their ways up their walks, trying futilely to fit their keys into the doors, and wondering if this is the place.

This thing about public TV confessions of over-indulgence in alcohol has so beset these stars that it is difficult to tell one from the other without a balloon test.

Mr. Harris has been publicly describing his intake since the days of early Jack Benny programs. His TV career lately has been confined to guest shots. So he has more time to load up for his appearances.

Mr. Martin seems not to drink before or after his show. It's during his hour that he seems to be supplied with potions so potent that one wonders if he will make it to the top of his piano, where he sits and talks to Ken Lane about a lady named Jeannie to whom he vaguely remembers he's married.

Mr. Sinatra is the latest who has added wine to his women and songs. On a recent appearance on *What's My Line?* this most talented of entertainers pounded the dais where he sat to play the game and asked, "Where is the bar?"

Mr. Gleason, who for years sipped from his cup of TNT and said "Wow," has given up this hilarious bit and shown himself to be the performer he really is in the Honeymooners' trips around the world. Having gone on the wagon for TV, he has lessened his alcohol percentage by at least 3.2, and this has been added to his rating.

So to each of these convivial gentlemen of the AA—although it's hardly anonymous—I drop a Goody—3.2 rating points if they will swear off. Man cannot live by whiskey alone. It's one thing to be high in the ratings, but another just to be high.

—*Vic Volk.*

It's getting colder now and there's no heat in ye olde sleigh, so before I head home where Janie is waiting for me with the nip that warms, I fly low over the homes of those bad little boys who put that whole cluster of commercials in those old movies—before, after, in between, and sideways.

I drop a Goody of at least 6.5 if you will find a way to reduce the number of commercials between segments of a movie. It is one thing to integrate commercials. It's another to impregnate them. So numerous are they that after four or five commercials are bunched at a station break, when the movie returns the viewer is certain the girl and fellow can never get together; her hands are rough, his hair is sticky, and they both have bad breath.

And a merry Christmas to both of them. And to you. —GOODMAN ACE.

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A YEAR-END DIALOGUE WITH OUTER SPACE

Do you?

Yes.

Do you what?

Whatever—

to the unqualified question the unqualified answer:
I do.

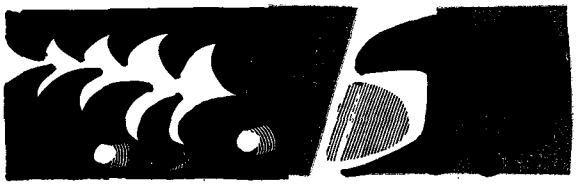
Everything?

Yes.

*Every*thing?

I do:

in the fact or in the thought of it—everything:
what is done in fact and without much thought,
what is done in fact in place of thought,
what is done premeditatively and thoughtfully in fact,
what is done in thought only—to escape fact,
or to make it bearable, or to confirm it—everything.



And do you now confess?

To myself, everything.

To the world in practical fact what is in practical fact
convenient, except that in an anger like an assault
of honesty, I do now and then not care, and do openly
admit being and having been and meaning to be everything,
and to relive it.

You have lied?

I recall that life.

Cheated?

And that one.

Stolen?

Negligently.

What has there been that would have been worth the time
it would have taken me to steal it?

But you *have*?

sometimes there *was* something?

At times, a trifle,

and that always instantly not worth keeping.

You have killed?

Always, alas, for the worst reasons.

For what reasons?

For duty. For my captain's approval.

Not for survival?

Survival lay with my captain,

the controls his. I killed because I could.

You were proud?

For no reason I have not survived.

Envious?

At times. But I have admired many.

Wrathful?

In bursts from the sperm center. A screeing
of sensation, like a Morse code I could not read
that was in any case drowned in a cosmic whine.

Slothful?

Yawningly, when that was my mood's pleasure.

Avaricious?

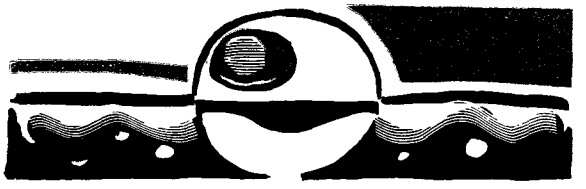
No.

Gluttonous?

Hungry.

Lustful?

Gladly.



What then do you believe should be done with your soul?

Erase its name and make room for another experience.

Why?

First, because this one is completed and time is not.

And second?

Because it will in any case be erased.

And third?

Because, though it does not matter, eternity
would be the one experience beyond mercy.

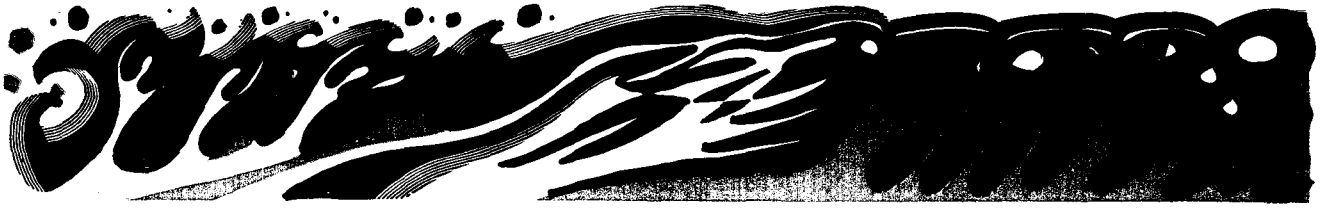
And you claim mercy?

I do.

Why?

Because I was born.

—JOHN CIARDI.



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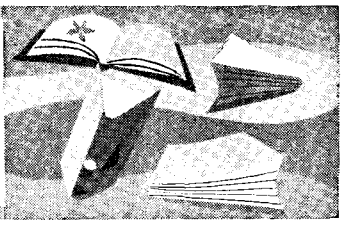
Trade Winds



"You weary me with those poems of yours," writes Edward Brockway. "The least you could do would be to go back to old TRADE WINDS days when I could find a joke or two worth passing on to friends. I suggest you retire for good, which was what your bosses must have had in mind in the first place."

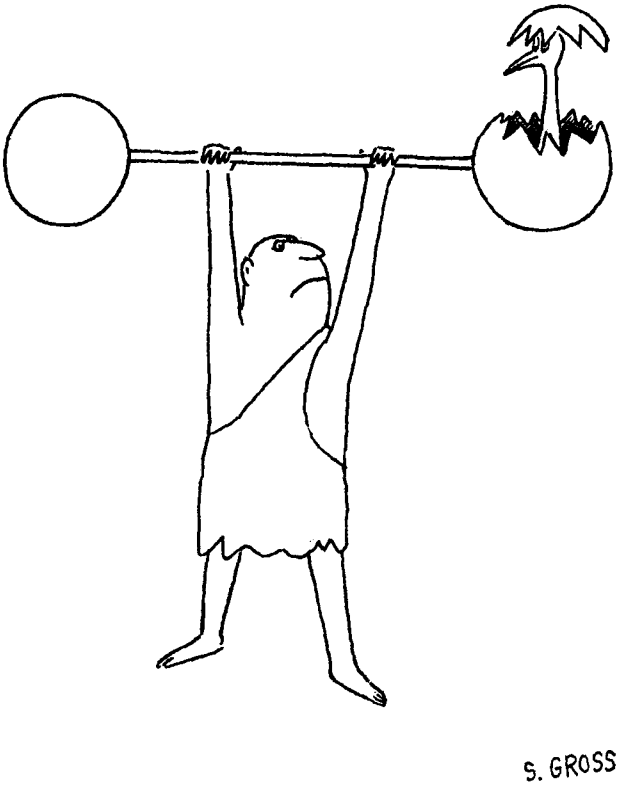
I am pleased Mr. Brockway did not establish a date for the retirement bit, which is more than I can say for Eric Cole, who dispatched this ultimatum: "Before you get fired, I will give you a minute to correct the mistake in the poem about grammar that you didn't have brains enough to spot. *His* and *her* are not pronouns but *possessive adjectives*. Say so, quick."

In the mail soon there will be, of course, a murderous reaction to "the masculine pronouns" in the poem, "Pluresy" [TRADE WINDS, Dec. 10]. Something as peremptory, no doubt, as the missive once written by the first Queen Elizabeth to Bishop Richard Cox, who had refused her demand to move out of his official residence. "Proud Prelate," wrote the doughty queen, "you know what you were before I made you what you are. If you do not immediately comply with my request, I will unfrock you, by God."

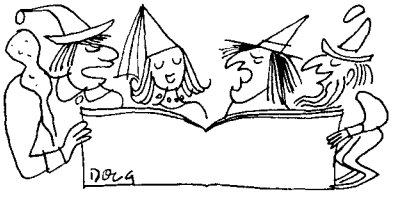
Bantam now has a Shakespeare series on the market, in paperback, at 75 cents a copy. A stunning publishing performance. Pick up *Antony and Cleopatra* or *Macbeth* as samples. You'll be pleased. The three editors—Oscar James Campbell, Alfred Rothschild, and Stuart Vaughan—deserve a laurel.

Readers who have visited Stratford-on-Avon will be amused, I think, by this editorial that appeared in a London magazine, *The Theatre*, in 1877:

> We are in doubt whether it is wise to erect a theatre at all. In the first place, where are the audiences to come from? Stratford is a small town, and after the performances have lost the zest of novelty, the theatre would be deserted. The idea that it would be filled by tourists is too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment. Even if a noted actor appeared and took the lead he would not be able to do justice to himself; the sight of the empty benches would make him lose all stimulus to exertion.



They are so sophisticated now, and so determinedly instructive, so many of the books for children that I have seen this season in all the shops. An infant is barely out of the crib before he is presented with diagrams of super spacecraft on their way to the moon, and the intricacies of the new math, and the fundamentals of biology. What intellectual prodigies this century will yet see emerging from the embryo minds that can think geophysics before their lips can murmur "Mommy"!



But once upon a time there was a man, a Scotsman, who preferred fantasy to realism, who believed in ghosts, and in the little people, and sometimes journeyed to Ireland just to catch a glimpse of them. He wrote:

> One gift the Fairies gave me: (Three
> They commonly bestowed of yore)
> The Love of Books, the Golden Key
> That opens the Enchanted Door;
> Behind it Bluebeard lurks, and o'er
> And o'er doth Jack his Giants kill,
> And there is all Aladdin's store.

His name was Andrew Lang, He was born in 1844 and lived for sixty-eight years, during which he was known as "editor-in-chief to the British nation," and as the divine amateur of letters—*amateur* in its true and original sense. He was master of three literatures—Greek, French, and English; translated the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*; was a poet ranked with Stevenson, whose close friend he was; and as a critic was held in esteem and awe.

Above all else, the name of Andrew Lang was associated with fairy tales. In that field he was called the King's Craftsman but he died protesting his reputation for authorship. "I do not write stories out of my own head," he explained. Most of them he did not even translate himself. Lang *edited*. For the *Blue Fairy Book*—first of the color group—and all the others, he did the research, traced sources, made his choices from the works of the Grimms, Andersen, Perrault, and a hundred other foreign narrators of folklore, and assigned them for adaptation and translation to his wife and a small coterie of her friends. Yet Little Red Riding Hood and Cinderella, and their knighted and sometimes benighted fellow characters we know chiefly because of Lang. If many other men and women created and recounted identical tales, it was Lang who put the

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most distinguished and lasting mark on them in English.

From the massive outpourings of his fertile mind, from the more than 200 books he wrote alone, and the few on which he collaborated with H. Rider Haggard and Richard Harding Davis, came only three that were fairy books, and they never became part of the original rainbow.

Lang was anthropologist, novelist, poet, editor, lecturer, translator, essayist, and artist. In this science-oriented generation his name and fame have lost their luster. However, to English-speaking people it was he who opened the doors to fairyland and populated it with giants and dwarfs, with valiant heroes and distraught princesses, and godmothers who wafted magic wands.

Once Lang said there was no royal road to failure, that it was not enough to attain it, one had to deserve it. Over his resting place in the shadow of St. Andrew's there probably is suspended an aura of failure. The Blue, Brown, Crimson, Lilac, Red, Green, Gray, Pink, Violet, Yellow, Orange, and Olive fairy books are little cherished today. Perhaps when the original Longmans-Green plates were blitzed during the war, the age of fairies went out. Anyway, to most of my contemporaries, Lang was no fail-

ure. For the drabber portion of many a childhood, he provided the anodyne of dreams.

All, I am pleased to report, is not completely lost. In the United States most of the fairy books, in hard cover, are still produced by David McKay Company, and in soft cover by Dover Publications. You may know a wide-eyed little boy or girl who'd like to read them.

A Merry Christmas to McKay and Dover, and to all of you.

—Herbert R. Mayes.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1706)

A. E. Hotchner:
PAPA HEMINGWAY

(Quotation suggested by Keith Blake)

After all the Christmas presents had been opened and we were engulfed in wrapping paper, Ernest said, "Never have so few bought so much, but I'm happy and proud to say that not one thing anybody gave to anybody is useful."

YOU CAN TELL CHRISTMAS is near when our Decorations Committee gets busy. We always look forward to this happy season here in the Hollow. And we hope your holidays will be happy too.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Art

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE ART OF PAINTING. By Felix da Costa. Translated from the Portuguese with notes by George Kubler. Yale Univ. Press. $20.

Business, Economics

THE AMERICAN ECONOMY TO 1975: An Interindustry Forecast. By Clopper Almon, Jr. Harper & Row. $9.50.

Current Affairs

INTERNATIONAL AID TO THAILAND: The New Colonialism? By Ronald C. Nairn. Yale Univ. Press. $6.50.

Drama

THE WIDOW'S TEARS. By George Chapman. Edited by Ethel M. Smeak. Regents Renaissance Drama Series. Univ. of Nebraska Press. Hardbound, $3. Paperback, $1.

Fiction

WINESBURG, OHIO. By Sherwood Anderson. Edited by John H. Ferres. Viking Press. Library edition, $3.33. Paperback, $1.95.

Government, Politics

THE DOWNFALL OF THE LIBERAL PARTY, 1914-1935. By Trevor Wilson. Cornell Univ. Press. $7.50.

SOCIALIST PARTIES IN POSTWAR JAPAN. By Allan B. Cole, George O. Totten, and Cecil H. Uyehara. Yale Univ. Press. $12.50.

History

AGRICULTURAL DEVELOPMENT IN TAIWAN, 1903-1960. By Yhi-min Ho. Vanderbilt Univ. Press. $7.50.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND SOCIETY IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By Walter Ullmann. Johns Hopkins. $5.

LAST DAYS ON THE NILE. By Malcolm Forsberg. Lippincott. $3.95.

THE PAPERS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, VOL. 10: Jan. 1, 1762 to Dec. 31, 1763. Edited by Leonard W. Labaree. Yale Univ. Press. $12.50.

PILGRIM COLONY: A History of New Plymouth, 1620-1691. By George D. Langdon, Jr. Yale Univ. Press. $6.50.

THE RECORDS OF THE FEDERAL CONVENTION OF 1787. A Reissue of the 1937 Revised Edition. Edited by Max Farrand. 4 Vols. Hardbound, $7.50 each. Paperback, $3.75 each.

UNFADING HONOUR: The Story of the Indian Army, 1939-1945. By Maj.-Gen. J. G. Elliott. Barnes. $10.

Language

ADVANCED CHINESE. By John DeFrancis. Yale University Press. Paperback, $2.75.

CHARACTER TEXT FOR ADVANCED CHINESE. By John DeFrancis. Yale Univ. Press. Paperback, $3.75.

Literary Criticism

WALLACE STEVENS: Art of Uncertainty. By Herbert J. Stern. Univ. of Michigan Press. $5.95.

Miscellany

BEYOND SUCCESS AND FAILURE: Ways to Self-Reliance and Maturity. By Willard and Marguerite Beecher. Julian Press. $5.

CAMERA JOURNALISM: Reporting with Photographs. By A. E. Woolley. Barnes. $7.50.

THE CAMERA'S CHOICE: CHILDREN. Text and photographs by Jo Moore Stewart. Barnes. $8.50.

THE SHARING OF POWER IN A PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL. By Robert Rubenstein and Harold D. Lasswell. Yale University Press. $10.

Religion, Philosophy

THE LUTHERAN WAY OF LIFE. By Ralph W. Loew. Prentice-Hall. $4.50.

THE STRUCTURE OF VALUE: Foundations of Scientific Axiology. By Robert S. Hartman. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $10.

Sociology

LAND AND PEOPLE IN THE NORTHERN PLAINS TRANSITION AREA. By Howard W. Ottoson and others. Univ. of Nebraska Press. $7.95.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

The time has come, the Phoenix said to publish many things: of practices in politics and what makes people vote and Negroes in Chicago and other things of note.

SYSTEMATIC POLITICS
by Charles E. Merriam $2.45

THE NEW SCIENCE OF POLITICS
by Eric Voegelin $1.95

VOTING
A Study of Opinion Formation in a Presidential Campaign by Berelson, Lazarsfeld, and McPhee $2.95

NEGRO POLITICIANS
The Rise of Negro Politics in Chicago by Harold F. Gosnell. New Intro. by James Q. Wilson $2.95

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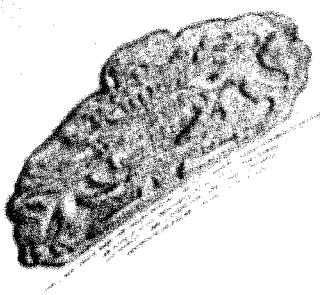

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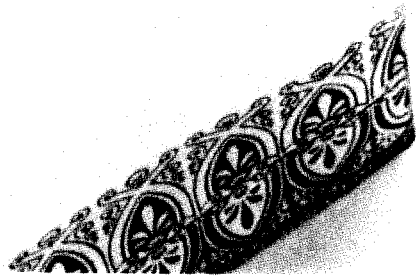

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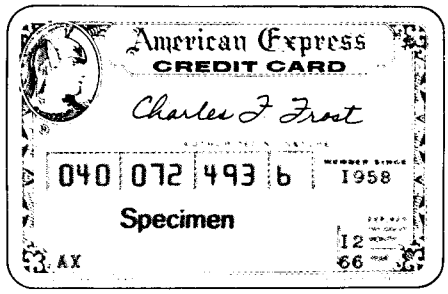

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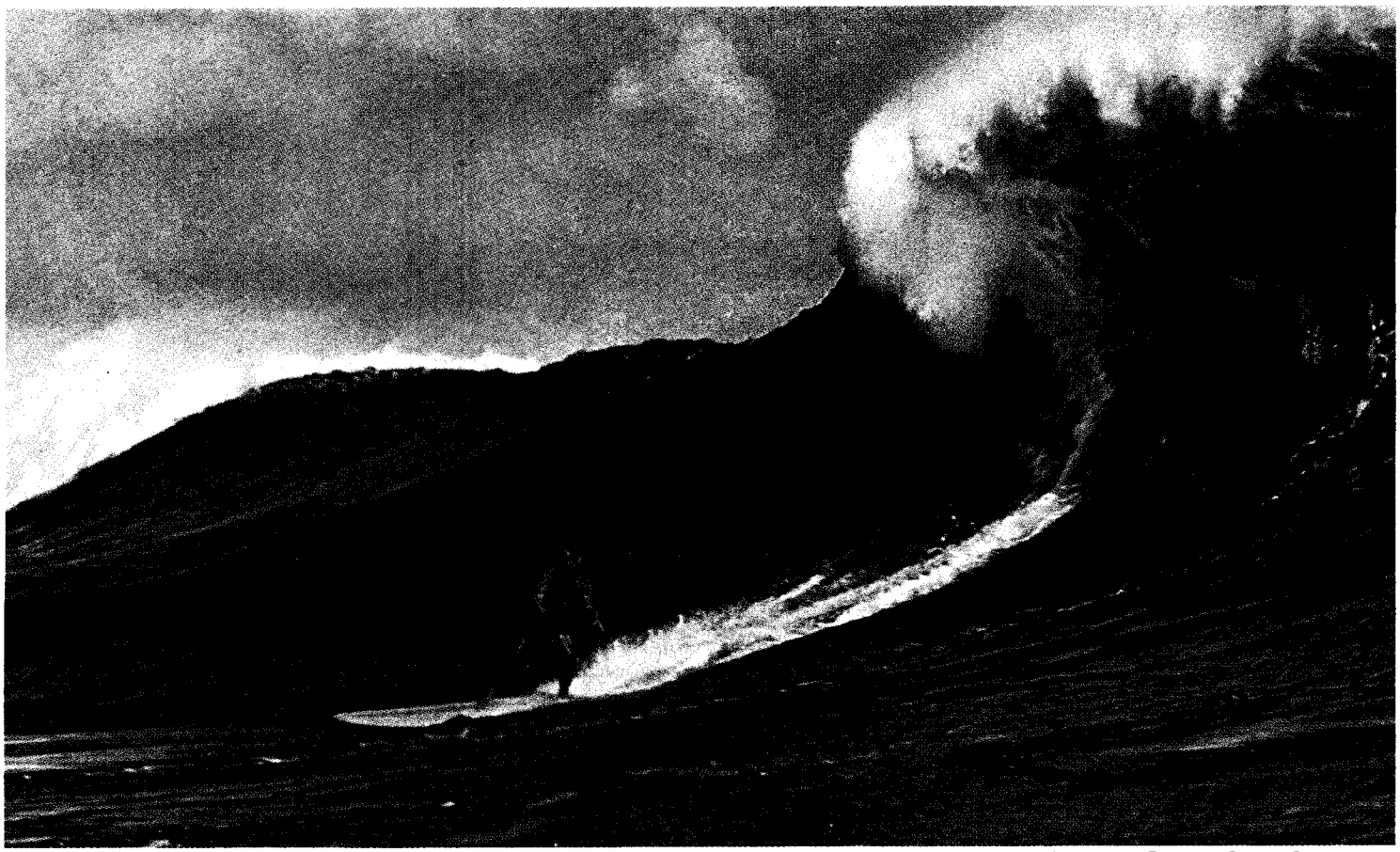

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Saturday Review
December 24, 1966

SR's Annual Film Survey

THE AMERICAN MOTION PICTURE: 1966

Can TV Save the Films?

By CHARLES CHAMPLIN

ONE SUNDAY evening last September, an estimated 60,000,000 viewers in 25,000,000 homes sat down to watch one movie being televised by the American Broadcasting Company: *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. It was an event that Hollywood now regards as only slightly less epochal than the premiere of *The Jazz Singer*. *Kwai* wiped out the competing programs in ratings and even reduced the attendance at movie theaters. For that showing and one to follow, ABC paid Columbia Pictures $2,000,000.

It did not escape Hollywood that even at that price the network got a bargain, while Columbia got a handsome helping of gravy from a film that long since had paid for itself—and, having leased rather than sold the film, Columbia retained control of it. The rush was on. Almost within hours of the *Kwai* screening, negotiations that had been in progress for some time culminated in three Hollywood studios' announcing new agreements with two of the networks for showing of movies not yet seen on television. The agreements cover 113 films—including eighteen which have not yet even been made—and will fetch the three studios more than $92,000,000.

ABC will pay Twentieth Century-Fox nearly $20,000,000 for television rights to only seventeen films. The network is paying Fox $5,000,000 just for the right to screen *Cleopatra* twice, two or three years from now. Three other films are being leased for $2,500,000 each, the rest for $500,000 each. "God knows what we'll get for *The Sound of Music*," says Richard Zanuck, Darryl's son and the vice president in charge of production at Fox. That film, which has already brought the studio nearly $70,000,000 in theater rentals, will probably command such a high price that it may have to await some kind of pay TV. ABC also will pay Paramount Pictures $20,000,000 under an agreement covering thirty-two films in the studio's recent library.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, meanwhile, under an agreement with CBS, will receive some $52,800,000 for televising of forty-five existing MGM films starting next fall and, under a separate agreement, has guaranteed CBS the television rights to eighteen films not yet made. And NBC, which has locked up a good bit of feature product over the years, has an arrangement with Universal Studios for co-financing a number of two-hour-long feature films to be shown initially on television. For its money, NBC has the right to show each film twice. Under a separate agreement calling for an additional payment, the five stations owned and operated by the network are entitled to a third showing. Thereafter the films are Universal's, to be merchandised as the studio wishes.

The first of this World Premiere series of films, a slick, quick comedy mystery called *Fame Is the Name of the Game*, was shown Thanksgiving weekend in NBC's well-established *Saturday Night at the Movies* time period. It far outdistanced the competition, luring a bigger audience than any Saturday night film this season.

What do these developments mean to Hollywood?

"Television," says Lee Rich, a former Madison Avenue advertising man who now is a TV executive with the Mirisch Brothers, "has taken over the motion picture industry."

It hasn't, quite. But it has undoubtedly restored the bloom of economic good health to Hollywood.

At its pre-television peak, Hollywood made as many as 600 feature films annually and showed them to between 80,000,000 and 90,000,000 customers a week in this country. Then came the one-two combination which Hollywood itself was prepared to regard as fatal. The government forced the major studios to sell off their theaters, so they no longer had captive outlets for their product. And along came television, so the studios no longer had captive audiences, either.

Weekly audiences shrank to 30,000,000 customers. Feature production fell to fewer than 150 films a year. Even now, although film audiences are coming back, weekly attendance is still only half what it once was—about 45,000,000 admissions a week. Film production still

Charles Champlin is entertainment editor of the Los Angeles *Times*.

HOLLYWOOD this year reached a major turning point. From television networks came vast amounts of money for the right to televise major films. The theater business improved. Wall Street took renewed interest in the industry. At the same time production costs continued to spiral, partly due to the ever more voracious demands of a highly privileged clique of stars. In this annual film survey, *SR* examines some of the implications of these developments and the prospects for the American film. —THE EDITORS.

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stands at little better than 200 pictures a year, but this includes a heavy proportion made abroad and financed by the major distributors.

Thanks to a combination of customer choosiness and higher ticket prices, the most successful films do better than ever. Public willingness to pay $3 to $4 a ticket to see something regarded as special is making the picture which will attract this notable amount of cash an enterprise of magnitude. And the cost of tickets has risen so drastically in recent years that movie-making once more can be a highly lucrative enterprise. *The Sound of Music*, for example, though far from being the most expensive film ever made, will earn the most money of any movie in history. Fox, with *Dr. Dolittle* in production, is even rosier about its prospects. This Arthur P. Jacobs production, a musical extravaganza, is being budgeted in excess of $15,000,000, and cheerfully so.

But it also is true that no more than one motion picture in four—perhaps one in five or six—earns back its cost at the box office. As one film executive has said, "You can't fool audiences any more. They knew *The Russians Are Coming The Russians Are Coming* was a winner even before we could try to tell them it was. And they knew *Assault on a Queen* was a dog even before it was through shooting."

However, even for the "dogs" which may give the producer no more than his not inconsiderable producer's fee for his labor, the intricacies of distribution can make a picture that only breaks even, or does less than that, a profitable enterprise. This is because distribution fees of 35 per cent are charged off before the actual producers of the film ever see a penny of profit. (One executive of a major company, when asked how a chancy picture was doing at the box office, said, "Wonderful! We're breaking even.")

IN many ways, television's projection into this situation is rich with ironies. When television was aborning, the major studios – to paraphrase a present-day mogul – sold off their existing libraries too cheaply (or so it seems in retrospect), pared their staffs, and were prepared to wither away. Legend has it that at one studio it was forbidden even to use the word *television* in executive conversation.

But if the studios sought to run away from television, an unslakable thirst for material sent television running after the film-makers. Today, Hollywood is turning out footage equal to 600 feature films a year. The industry is at full employment and, in fact, there are critical shortages of several kinds of personnel—even qualified press agents.

Through its outright sales of old films to television, through its leasing of films to television, through its production of all those series, and now through its production of features for TV, Hollywood is notably enriched—financially if not qualitatively—by the medium. Indeed, the recent rapid-fire takeover of several studios by outside financial interests reflects in considerable part an awareness of the television gold yet to be mined.

But the ironies continue. At odd moments Hollywood finds itself losing from one pocket what it is stuffing into another. Despite the stories about all those residuals, grinding out all those series is financially as risky as movie-making, and it is getting riskier each season because of the competition from the movies which make the other pockets jingle. A third of this season's new shows have already been sentenced to die, at great cost to their producers.

The rewards from a series come from the second and subsequent seasons, when there is enough product in the can to sell to independent and foreign television. If a series dies after only a season or part of a season, the producer may have lost as much as a million dollars. Fox saved $500,000 by urging ABC to kill this season's *Tammy Grimes Show* after only three or four episodes had been shown. The series was obviously going nowhere, and it was costing Fox $50,000 a week. *The Blue Light*, an unsuccessful entry last year, is believed to have cost Fox $20,000 a week net loss. On the other hand, when *Peyton Place* finally comes to an end, it will probably have 500 episodes on film, a veritable diamond mine for syndication sale.

Television, then, in a sense, has given Hollywood two shaky legs to stand on instead of only one. For the industry as a whole it means relatively more stability, but within the industry there are certain to be dazzling changes of fortune.

It seems clear—perhaps ominously clear—from the epochal showing of *River Kwai* that a sharp and arbitrary distinction between film-making and television-making is now, in Hollywood, virtually a thing of the past. The sense of the recent studio-network agreements, says Dick Zanuck, is that the *minimum* worth to television of almost any film is $500,000. This is an item no studio and few independent producers can afford to ignore.

One truth which Zanuck holds to be immediately self-evident is that no studio can any longer afford to make a black-and-white film, since the networks want color, color, color. (Billy Wilder's recent *The Fortune Cookie* is in black

***New Faces*—I**

Mike Nichols: With just one film, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, Mike Nichols vaulted himself to the top of Hollywood's scrabbling heap and can, as they say, name his price. Already a Broadway miracle worker, who at one point had four brilliantly funny hits running simultaneously, he was the selection of Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor to direct them in the Warner Brothers version of the Albee play—a decision that did not make Albee happy until the film opened.

Nichols began his career as a partner in the noted improvisational team of Nichols and May, but his bent, in the view of associates, was inexorably in the direction of direction.

Now, he is far more fascinated with the cinema than with the stage, and suspects that he will be visiting Broadway far less frequently than before. He is due to start his own film production of *The Graduate* next, and after that will tackle the film version of *Catch-22*, with Alan Arkin in the leading role. Since Arkin is regarded as the most talented actor to reach Hollywood in years, and Nichols as the most proteanly talented new director, devotees of the novel are already sighing pleasurably in anticipation.

In his middle thirties, an American success story of considerable magnitude, Nichols is known for his ability to extract the most from both his actors and his material. He also has the highest respect for the film medium, and, not unmodestly, tries to measure himself against the best. Each week on a set, he admitted, made him feel that he had learned a little more. Should he ever win an Academy Award, he says, he has his acceptance speech all ready: "I'll say I did it all myself, and will probably be stoned to death." —H.A.

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and white, of course, and it will be interesting to see how it makes out in the TV bargaining.)

While Zanuck himself foresees no changes one way or the other in casting policies, the prospect of the television increment surely will serve to reinforce the star system by putting an additional premium on the safe, known, proven, promotable names, as against the un- or semi-knowns. It might be thought that the star names television itself has created would have an enhanced value, but there are no signs of it. With a few male exceptions such as Dick Van Dyke, Steve McQueen, James Garner, and Rod Taylor—and no female exceptions—the giants of seriesland continue to be ignored by the film-makers. The television viewer seldom seems willing to spend money to see a personality in the theater when he can see that same person regularly in his living room, free. And even if this fact were debatable, the studios are unwilling to spend the experimental funds that would be needed to vault a television star into film stardom.

If the new dispensation seems likely to reinforce the star system, it seems equally likely to reinforce the story equivalents of the star system: the technically capable, handsomely produced, but less than innovating film, certainly not a controversial one that would alarm a network buyer or a network censor (although the network censors view features more permissively than they view their own series). Clearly, the prospect of a TV dollop beyond the box office will mean some upgrading of budgets, but it does not yet suggest an unfettering in other ways.

Indeed, from the evidence of the Thanksgiving weekend showing of *Fame Is the Name of the Game*, it seems that what may be reappearing is the B picture—long neither on imagination nor cash, skirting budget limitations, using able and familiar if not top-price names (Tony Franciosa, Jill St. John, Jack Klugman) from films and television, and showcasing the studio's promising unknowns (in this case, a plumply pretty young comedienne named Susan Saint James). It's not for the art houses, and while it does reveal its television derivation, it is long enough to qualify as a motion picture and therefore is marketable. And it could evolve into an interesting development, a kind of third form between television and film, if such a form is necessary. Since the two dozen top or so-called "bankable stars" are beyond price reach in any event, Universal may well be able to cast for performance. On both sides of the camera, the studio then can employ a mixture of new names, old names, film talent, television talent, the unknowns, and the underused. As Jennings Lang, Universal's senior vice president for television production, says, the first films have been "Hollywood classical in concept"—*the* western, *the* comedy, *the* war film and so on. But Lang hopefully says he has a couple of far-out scripts in hand and hopes to explore and experiment more as the series gets established.

Charles Bluhdorn (l) and Robert Evans (r) of Paramount—Thirty-two films from its recent library brought $20,000,000 from ABC.

This is a song we have, of course, heard before. But just as there were occasional gems among the B pictures, there is no reason why this venture, with its relatively low risk, should not produce some surprises. Perhaps more importantly, just as television took over many of the training-ground functions which the B's had in the days when the majors were major, these features can train some vigorous young talent.

One hope we can take from present-day Hollywood is its awareness—albeit reluctant—of the discernment of audiences at home and in the movie houses. If 60,000,000 people tune in *Kwai* of an evening they have tuned in to watch an excellent motion picture, and whether the picture is a well produced comedy or a more challenging film such as *A Place in the Sun*, the very fact that the audience will prefer a good old film over a mediocre new series gives the industry a sound reason to seek fresh new entertainment.

The success of films on television is an opting for relative excellence. Only at its peril will Hollywood take it to mean anything different.

***The Bridge on the River Kwai*—Its TV showing in September was "only slightly less epochal than the premiere of *The Jazz Singer*."**

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$UPERCOLOSSALITI$

By PETER BART

SEVEN YEARS AGO Harold Mirisch, a solemn, stoical independent film producer, read James Michener's turgid best seller, *Hawaii*, and came to the conclusion that it would make a fine movie. Mirisch didn't know it at the time, but when he entered his bid for the screen rights he was embarking on one of the more incredible financial nightmares in the motion picture industry's often nightmarish history.

The bidding should have given him a clue: By the time Mirisch won, he had committed himself to an outlay of $600,000—a lot of money to pay for a novel with such a rambling, uncinematic structure. But that was just the first step. Mirisch assigned the movie to some competent old hands—director Fred Zinnemann and writer Dan Taradash. After two years of work and a $2,000,000 investment Zinnemann and Taradash came up with an elaborate shooting script for a proposed five-hour movie costing around $20,000,000. Mirisch winced and, undaunted, turned the project over to yet another team, director George Roy Hill and writer Dalton Trumbo. This pair managed to hammer the film into a three-hour drama incorporating the earlier portions of the novel. Filming began. Harold Mirisch, unhappy about the sluggish production schedule, fired Hill and hired Arthur Hiller. The cast and crew threatened a rebellion so Mirisch fired Hiller and rehired Hill.

Ultimately, the film was finished at a cost of about $14,000,000—a formidable price considering that: a) the movie had only one true box-office star (Julie Andrews) and b) its story involved a narrow-minded Calvinist missionary, a subject that would not seem to offer the mass appeal of, say, *The Sound of Music*.

The story of *Hawaii* illustrates all too vividly a problem that has become a source of massive concern in Hollywood: The cost of movie-making has got out of hand. Movies that traditionally cost under $1,000,000 to make are now requiring budgets of several million. More and more films end up costing two or even three times their initial budgets. Hollywood, a town that always admired the "supercolossal blockbuster" has all but forgotten how to make a more modest film on a more serious theme.

"The escalation of costs has become the industry's biggest single problem," observes Robert Evans, the aggressive young production chief at Paramount Pictures. "The net result is an inflationary trend that could threaten the leadership of Hollywood as a world production center."

The cost spiral is troubling the movie studios for obvious reasons—higher costs mean lower profits. They also mean that a studio can turn out fewer motion pictures, and therefore cannot spread the risk as effectively. But the problem also is of concern to the ordinary moviegoer, for it is having an important impact on the quantity and quality of motion pictures produced.

Higher costs mean that the studios are far less willing to experiment with films on unpopular or controversial themes. It is probably harder to gain financing for an "art house" picture in Hollywood today than at any time in the past. As George Stevens, a gifted veteran director (*Shane*, *A Place in the Sun*) noted recently, although Hollywood always has emphasized "pure entertainment," there always has been a trickle of films that at least attempted to grapple with more serious themes—*Gentleman's Agreement*, *The Men*, *The Defiant Ones*, *On the Beach*, and *All the King's Men*, to name a few. Today movies dealing with a racial theme or with any other controversial issue are generally anathema. Even a "proven property" like *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* doubtless would have had a rough time had not Mr. and Mrs. Richard Burton taken a personal interest in it. (Indeed, Richard D. Zanuck, studio chief for Twentieth Century-Fox and a leading exponent of "pure entertainment," says flatly he would not have financed *Woolf*.)

"We are at a crisis point in subject matter," says Abby Mann, who wrote *Judgment at Nuremberg*. "The literature of the cinema should reflect the times we live in, yet no one is willing to finance serious, tough-minded films on, say, the race crisis."

Such reluctance by a studio chief is understandable. The studios are in business to make money. And, given the present cost spiral, an art film or a film on a controversial topic easily may seem to be too costly a risk.

Columbia Pictures recently tried its hand at some more provocative film fare with discouraging results. The key reason was that the films cost too much. The studio spent $3,800,000 on a murky film about the Spanish Civil War, *Behold a Pale Horse*, starring Gregory Peck; the picture, which was originally budgeted at $600,000, was both a financial and esthetic disappointment. Similarly unhappy results were achieved from *Ship of Fools*, which cost $4,000,000, and *King Rat*, which cost about $3,000,000. Both were fine films, but both should have cost no more than $1,500,000. "We let our costs get out of hand," says M. J. ("Mike") Frankovich, Columbia studio chief, who since has turned his attention

Peter Bart is a *New York Times* correspondent based in Los Angeles.

Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, and co-stars in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* —"Escalation of costs has become the industry's biggest single problem."

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to more frivolous films such as *The Silencers* and *Texas Across the River.*

The cost spiral also is inhibiting experimentation with new acting and directing talent. A studio, faced with a $5,000,000 budget, fears going with an unknown actor who might be perfect for a role; instead it casts an aging box-office star in the hope of lessening the risk. The result, as Robert Evans observes, is that hardly any important new stars have emerged in Hollywood in the last few years while dozens of newcomers have been developed abroad—Vanessa Redgrave, Albert Finney, Claudia Cardinale, Terence Stamp, Julie Christie, *et al.* The development of new directors also has been partially stifled.

In some cases the top stars demand preposterous pay—and get it. Richard Burton was offered $1,000,000 plus a handsome share of the profits for a musical remake of *Goodbye Mr. Chips,* but turned it down. His wife, Elizabeth Taylor, also is in the million-per-picture category. Steve McQueen, one of the few young American stars, now demands $750,000 per picture plus 50 per cent of the profits. Cary Grant, perhaps the most durable of the leading men, demands not only a huge salary but eventual ownership of the negative, meaning that he reaps still further millions from eventual sales to television. In addition to all this, the top stars also demand all manner of perquisites: luxurious dressing rooms, the most expensive hotel suites, and full living and travel costs for a substantial retinue of aides and lackeys. Many studio executives would gladly substitute lesser names or even newcomers but they are afraid of the theater owners, who are reluctant to book films that don't offer "big names."

Though the studios complain vehemently about the soaring costs of movie-making, some film-makers charge that the studios themselves are, in fact, largely responsible for the inflation. According to one leading producer, the studios traditionally have been insensitive to costs and thus have encouraged runaway inflation. Studio department heads, if faced with alternatives, will always choose the most expensive way of doing things, he says. On one recent picture, this producer recalls, three seersucker suits were required for one actor —suits that could have been purchased for $40 each. Instead, the wardrobe department hand-made each suit and charged $450 to the budget. On the same film, the cost of renting thirteen cars with drivers for two months was budgeted at $62,500—twice the amount of money needed to *purchase* the autos.

"Studio employees are trained to inflate," the producer concludes. They instinctively figure that a budget might as well mushroom since the studio can

Colossal and supercolossal—*The Sound of Music*, starring Julie Andrews (above), cost far less than *Hawaii*, in which Miss Andrews and Max von Sydow starred (below), but will set a record for earnings.

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then realize a higher overhead (studios normally add at least 25 per cent to the cost of a picture as overhead).

The result of all this is that it now is all but impossible to make a film for under $3,000,000, even if it is shot entirely at a studio, where production theoretically can proceed at maximum efficiency. As an example, one need only analyze the budget of a recent adventure film made by a top studio at a cost of $3,647,000.

The budget was divided into categories—above-the-line costs (fees to the director, writer, producer, cast) and below-the-line costs (labor, sets, mechanical effects, makeup, etc.). On this picture, the above-the-line costs came to $671,000, to which was added $168,000 in studio overhead. This above-the-line budget was considered downright cut-rate; the total cast cost only $379,450—amazingly low for a major film. And since the story was an original, a rarity in Hollywood, there was no initial outlay for acquisition of a novel or play, items that could exceed $500,000. The principal above-the-line items (for a fifty-two-day shooting schedule) were $65,000 to a writer, $98,000 to the producer, and $128,750 to the director—fair pay.

Given these relatively cheap above-the-line costs, one would think the picture could be brought in for, say, $1,500,000. Not so. The below-the-line items totaled a surprising $2,245,886, to which was added $561,000 overhead. Included in this were some items that, to an outsider, would seem rather inflationary: $78,559 to electrical workers, $355,675 in set costs, $35,500 in labor costs merely to strike the set, $40,000 for cast insurance, $16,000 for still photographs, $109,541 for cars and trucks (the film was shot on a studio back lot!), $28,685 for makeup and hairdressing, and $108,000 for wardrobes.

THE costs of constructing sets would seem to be surprisingly high, even by Hollywood standards. It cost studio workers $40,000 to build an apartment, $2,000 for an Italian restaurant, and $7,700 to build a facsimile of an office for the President of the United States. (It should be remembered that each picture in effect "buys" its own sets. The sets then return to the ownership of the studio, which in turn re-sells them to the next picture.)

Can anything be done about runaway budgets? One solution, of course, is so-called "runaway pictures." More and more studios and producers are making their films overseas, where the cost spiral has not reached Hollywood proportions. At one point last summer, of some forty-five movies in production under the aegis of the seven major American companies, only twelve were being filmed in Hollywood. Some twenty-seven were in production in Europe, including eleven in London. Thus London has become nearly as important a production center as Hollywood. Moreover, most of the really important, ambitious films were being filmed in Europe; the Hollywood films, to a surprising degree, consisted of "program pictures" such as an Elvis Presley epic or a Doris Day comedy.

The major movie production-distributing companies are pondering various steps to keep costs in line. At least two of the major companies are studying the possibility of a financial spin-off of their Hollywood studios, transforming them into quasi-autonomous entities that will have to justify themselves financially rather than depend on massive subsidies from the parent company. This, it is thought, will force studio personnel to invoke economy measures. Two other major companies—MGM and Twentieth Century-Fox—are planning to close down their old lots and construct new studios about twenty miles away.

Part of the answer, however, lies with the stars and top writers and directors. Many leading actors today complain repeatedly about having to do mediocre material, but they are unwilling to make any sort of sacrifice to do more interesting films. Recently a top director and a star agreed to do an especially interesting, if risky, film at half their normal pay plus a big share of the potential profits. The star's agent heard the news, however, and convinced his client that if he took a pay cut on this picture other producers would ask him to take a similar reduction. The star backed down and the film was not made.

"The best way to do something you really believe in is to round up some friends and some money and just disappear for a month or so," says Haskell Wexler, a top cameraman and co-producer of *The Loved One*. "The financial pressures at the big studios restrict you too much—you can't let loose and experiment. There's too much money involved. The great movies over the next few years will be made by people who spend their own money on a film and do it a long way from Hollywood."

Where does the money go? The most expensive picture ever—$40,000,000 worth—was *Cleopatra*. First budgeted as a "cheapie" spectacle at around $6,000,000, with Elizabeth Taylor getting a million of this as the star, it was doubled over initial estimates when several grandiose sets were built in England. They were never used. Delays in construction put back filming until bad weather set in; Miss Taylor became critically ill and could no longer work in England's cold climate. A change of directors resulted in the calling in of Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who did not like the script and wrote his own. The production was transferred to Rome. More grandiose sets were hurriedly built. Mankiewicz later claimed that about $5,000,000 went down the drain in overtime doubling of fees.

Then Mankiewicz, in shooting the film, wound up with five and a half hours' worth. Two hours of this landed on the cutting room floor, with the result that the film was now deficient in spectacle. New battle scenes were shot in Spain. Meanwhile, such stars as Miss Taylor, Richard Burton, and Rex Harrison were on salary at overtime rates. Miss Taylor alone was paid more than $2,000,000. Fox recovered its money. But the studio also made *The Sound of Music* at about one-sixth the cost of *Cleopatra*, and is reaping the biggest box-office harvest in film history.

United Artists did not fare so happily with *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. Originally projected at about $9,000,000, this devout spectacle eventually cost $20,000,000. "You can't stint on Jesus Christ," was the thinking. Director George Stevens, refusing to run away to the Holy Land, where things are a lot cheaper, built his own Holy Land on a Western desert. He took his time, too—and time costs a great deal of money. He put in a host of expensive "names" in small though devout roles. Will UA ever recover the investment? "Never," said an executive flatly.

The Beatles, however, in a half-million dollar UA movie called *A Hard Day's Night*, brought in a shower of box-office millions. *Help!*, which followed, needed no help. The same firm's James Bond movies are grossing almost incredible sums: *Thunderball* alone will take in between $60,000,000 and $70,000,000. UA recently turned down a television offer of $3,500,000 per Bond, including the first, *Dr. No*, which cost under a million. On the new Bond, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, nearly $1,000,000 was spent for one set, a rocket-launching site in a camouflaged Japanese volcano, built at Pinewood Studios near London. Even the space rocket was constructed, belching realistic flame exhausts, and all. "You can't stint on James Bond," said Cubby Broccoli, the producer. —H.A.

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VIEW FROM THE 28th FLOOR

By HOLLIS ALPERT

FOR THE PAST three years the fortunes of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, one of seven major American motion picture companies, have been directed by a calm, quietly engaging, carefully spoken, Montana-born president who bears not the slightest resemblance to the caricatured conceptions of a movie mogul. Robert H. O'Brien, the president of MGM, is in his early sixties and bears them well. He works out of New York and not Culver City, California. He does not chomp on cigars, crack bad jokes at industry functions, or appear arm-in-arm at film premieres with the latest blonde, busty, wet-lipped version of a movie star. He is not even the son or son-in-law of a former movie mogul.

Instead, O'Brien has risen to his presidential position at the top of a huge entertainment complex by reason of a long, able career in engineering, law, finance, and executive capacities in the broadcasting and film businesses. As a type, he is relatively unique in the volatile American motion picture industry—which has changed radically from the pre-television era of the big studio bosses such as the late L. B. Mayer and Harry Cohn. Running a major film company these days means, least of all, overseeing a studio. More importantly, in the case of MGM, it means the careful allocation of some $60,000,000 yearly for the production of motion pictures; developing and producing film series for television; the operation of a recording company; and the licensing, for formerly unheard-of fees to television, of what the firm calls its film libraries.

The present structure of MGM can be ascertained from those departments that operate directly under O'Brien's supervision: the Culver City studio head, the London studio head, the head of advertising, the foreign sales manager, the domestic sales manager, the president of the record company, and the president of a newly formed music company. According to O'Brien, all these individuals have "fairly wide latitudes and a certain amount of autonomy, because we've developed policies and attitudes that result in our all approaching a problem in basically the same way."

What this translates to is that O'Brien's policies are being followed. During his tenure of office, the firm's stockholders have been able to watch the annual statements change from a sobering loss of $35,000,000 in 1963 to increasing profits each year. This year's profit increase will beat last year's record by some 30 per cent. All this, to his adherents on the board of directors, signifies the wisdom of having a president who is able to bring wide managerial and financial experience to the present-day problems of a film company.

But motion picture presidents rise or fall not so much on their ability to handle profit and loss statements as on their decisions on which movie project to back. A crisis in the affairs of MGM occurred not long ago when the previous president backed the ill-fated remake of *Mutiny on the Bounty*—which, beset by every conceivable difficulty, required $20,000,000 of the firm's money to finish. This debacle, as well as others not quite so horrendous, led to the elevation of O'Brien to the presidency. In turn, O'Brien appeared to be laying his head on the corporate chopping block when nearly $12,000,000 was put into David Lean's film version of *Doctor Zhivago*. Word got around in industry circles that if *Dr. Zhivago* did not succeed at the box office O'Brien would go.

"The decision was pretty much all mine," O'Brien admitted in his large office on the 28th floor of a new midtown Manhattan office building. "Our thinking had to do with such factors as the quality and fame of the novel, the tremendous strength brought to the project by David Lean as the director and Robert Bolt as the screenwriter. We felt we were reasonably assured of a good picture and, usually, with a good picture you do good business. Not every time, but most of the time. We also went along with Lean's idea of using newer and fresher people than are usually starred in a production of such magnitude."

THE original budget for *Dr. Zhivago* was some $2,000,000 less than the eventual cost, but movie companies are resigned to this kind of thing, especially when it is known that the director has the reputation of being a perfectionist. One of the smaller companies, which puts a million-dollar limit on its per picture expenditures, has a way of stopping a production cold when the limit has been reached, finished picture or not. The president simply rips the last several pages out of the script. But to do such a thing with someone like David Lean would be both unspeakable and unthinkable. It can be guessed that O'Brien cannily employed his own effective brake against time-consuming perfectionism by scheduling the premiere of *Dr. Zhivago* only a few months after the finish of shooting. Lean was known to have worked night and day in the cutting rooms assembling the final print of the bulky film in time for its New York opening.

MGM's Robert H. O'Brien—Sometimes a risk can be a bargain.

The reviews in the New York papers the next day were hardly calculated to reinforce a president's confidence in his judgment. Word went around the industry grapevine: "Too bad for O'Brien." Later, when the public showed a continual willingness to line up at the box office and buy tickets for reserved-seat showings at increased prices, the

Julie Christie and Omar Sharif in *Dr. Zhivago*—Costly but profitable.

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same wiseacres nodded and said: "Sure, Julie Christie got a hot reputation in the nick of time." Later, as the picture ran on and on, the tune changed again, this time over a tune called "Lara's Theme." Taken from the sound-track score, the lush melody blared from radios and jukeboxes in a hundred and one different arrangements. It became a pop hit. The record album containing the entire score became a top seller, too. "Lara's Theme did it," the insiders now announced.

Whatever did it, *Dr. Zhivago* is now heading toward at least $40,000,000 in distributors' receipts, making it one of the half dozen or so most profitable films in history. The licensing of television rights will up the take considerably more. "The reviews surprised us," O'Brien said, "and naturally disappointed us. But we didn't agree with those first reviewers – particularly Crowther and Crist—and, happily, neither did the majority of the other reviewers. Nobody can shake me in my opinion that this is one of the finest pictures of all times. I've looked at it six times, and every time I think more of it."

O'Brien to the contrary, *Dr. Zhivago* is not critically regarded as one of cinema's peak achievements, nor as one of Lean's own peaks. But O'Brien had also made sure that the film, during its production, was given an all-out publicity campaign that would acquaint the public with the wonders awaiting them when they eventually entered a theater to see it. Under the direction of Dan Terrell, who works hand-in-glove with O'Brien, the campaign focused on the picture's leading players, Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, and Geraldine Chaplin. Canny advertising and the exploitation of the music were added to the drum-beating. Because of the reputation of the material and the makers, the drum-beating was kept, of course, appropriately dignified.

But it is also the job of a company president to keep on taking calculated risks, and O'Brien has recently taken them with two more pictures of large budget: *2001: A Space Odyssey*, being made by Stanley Kubrick, and *Grand Prix*, a pet project of John Frankenheimer. Both films are being made in Cinerama. The negative cost of Kubrick's film (the total before the costs of prints and advertising) is expected to go beyond $7,000,000; *Grand Prix* has already gone to more than eight. But O'Brien is not alarmed. He has an almost infinite faith in Kubrick's ability, and he is vastly impressed with what he has seen of the rushes so far. "If we were to be told today," he said, "that this picture as we visualize it would have to be made for much more money than we're going to have in it, we would do it." In other words, O'Brien thinks MGM is getting a $7,000,000 bargain and a great picture as well. As for *Grand Prix*, the public is going to get a lot of rip-roaring, thrill-packed entertainment for the price of admission, O'Brien thinks.

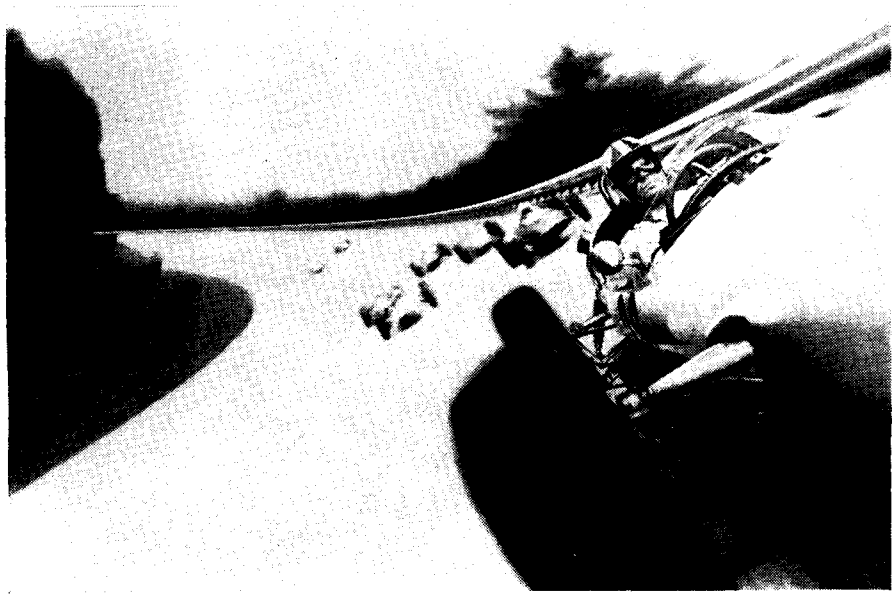
BUT behind these investments lies the assurance of a bonanza greater than any that has occurred in the film industry—the large sums being paid by networks for television licensing rights (see "Can TV Save the Films?" page 11). "The industry," he said, "has an anchor here, a security, another market, which makes the companies very different things from what they were in the past. Up until some time back, television was an erosive force in our business in that it took away a good part of our theater audience."

There are insiders who murmur that MGM, in selling rights to CBS for an average of $800,000 per picture, undersold its library, the reasoning being that the market is still rising and that by waiting MGM could have gotten more. O'Brien is quick to answer that criticism when it is raised. "Suppose," he said, "that all the companies had withheld their libraries and had not gotten into licensing and syndication, and thus were not consuming the merchandise on their shelves. If that had happened since, say, 1953, the market today would be glutted with films. Films carried that way would have meant that films held longer would have been worth less. And, most importantly, the market, not having been fed, would not have come into existence. Here at MGM we feel that we're in practically ideal conditions because we have our reserve supply and we still have *all* our pictures. We have never sold any, we have simply licensed them. And we've brought the market up to a very high level. In addition, we can produce pictures each year to replenish the library. This can go on indefinitely."

In fact, O'Brien regards as the most significant factor of his deal with CBS an arrangement that requires it to run a minimum of six pictures a year that have already run on a network, and at a price of $400,000 per picture. The average fee paid for those same pictures when first run was less than $300,000. This kind of arithmetic has not gone unnoticed on the stock exchange, with the result that motion picture stocks are selling at an all-time high during a distinctly bearish period.

In spite of—or perhaps because of—these indications of prosperity, there has been dissension of late among MGM's board members. The dissension has largely come from one board member, Philip J. Levin, who is leading a proxy fight at MGM expected to come to a head in February. His experience in motion pictures seems based on attendance at several board of director meetings, plus the fact that he has accumulated approximately 15 per cent of MGM's 5,000,000 shares of stock. No one is certain what Levin wants, other than a larger voice in the firm's decisions—or perhaps the presidency itself. What Levin does know a lot about is real estate, a field in which he accumulated his millions. Most of his MGM stock was purchased for about half of what it is now selling for.

But this kind of development, too, is a characteristic of the new shape of the industry. With profits mounting—theater business alone is 20 per cent better than last year—the desire of so-called outsiders to take over the motion picture business has been increasing. Columbia Pictures barely managed to resist a powerful raid from financial quarters; Warner Brothers will soon yield control



Runaway—John Frankenheimer's *Grand Prix* already has cost more than $8,000,000, but MGM's president expects it to become a hit.

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to a firm called Seven Arts; and Paramount has been absorbed by a holding company, Gulf and Western, the chairman of which, Charles Bluhdorn, overrode all advice to the contrary and insisted on dubbing into English the multilingual *Is Paris Burning?*, with a predictably unhappy result. Why do such men as Bluhdorn and Levin desert more familiar financial fields for the lure of motion pictures? "Well, it's a fun way to make money," said a film executive, "and these fellows get a thrill out of hobnobbing with famous stars and interesting people like directors and producers."

But the moviegoer may well want to know what all this incessant financial finagling has to do with his movie entertainment. Paradoxically, it doesn't mean, necessarily, that movies will grow worse or more vulgar. O'Brien, for one, is oriented toward as much quality in filmmaking as is consistent with commercialism. A literate man, who prefers to read at night at home in his New York apartment—a fact that alone is regarded as astonishing in the business—he has an unstinting admiration for professional and creative talent. Due to emerge soon from MGM cutting rooms are Kubrick's space odyssey, Frankenheimer's racing epic, Robert Aldrich's *The Dirty Dozen*, Michelangelo Antonioni's *The Blow-Up*, Roman Polanski's *The Vampire Killers*, Francesco Rosi's *Happily Ever After*, and John Schlesinger's *Far From the Madding Crowd*. These directors are all well known and highly regarded by the discerning. Soon to be put in the works are such projects as *The Comedians*, based on Graham Greene's latest novel; *The Last Battle*, based on Cornelius Ryan's account of the fall of Berlin; and large-scale films made from Werfel's *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* and James Michener's *Caravans*.

To balance this kind of output, MGM is also making sure to provide the public with plenty of comedic entertainment with no pretensions to artistry in cinema other than the craftsmanship that sometimes can lift such commercial and inconsequential undertakings to unexpected excellence. (Last year's *The Ipcress File*, made for Universal, seemingly just another thriller, is now a favorite of many buffs.) Something similar might happen, O'Brien hopes, with a comedy called *Don't Make Waves*, directed by Alexander McKendrick, which strikes him as "MGM's best comedy ever and an exceedingly good picture."

But those who hope that O'Brien or someone like him is going to star Sally Klotz instead of Claudia Cardinale in a picture, or choose an off-Broadway neophyte over James Garner, for instance, are going to be disappointed. "On balance," he said, "I'm sure that a box-office name, in a good picture, adds considerably to its revenue. I'll admit you can't measure this with a computer. But the difference between putting in someone who is not box office for $100,000 or less and paying $500,000 for a known box-office quantity becomes a matter of economics that favors the expensive performer. The drawing value of the 'name' can make a two or three million increase in revenue, and thus far outweighs the saving you'd make the other way around. It's the audience that is making the choice, actually, and it's the performer who attracts the audience we're more inclined to bet on."

There are exceptions to the rule, and one such was *Patch of Blue*, which

(*Continued on page* 68)

Venture in quality—Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings meet in Michelangelo Antonioni's *The Blow-Up*, one of MGM's new films done by "prestige" directors.

New Faces—II

Jack Smight: "Television filming is probably the best place for young people today to get started on a career," says Jack Smight, who at age forty has directed more TV films than he cares to remember. "The pressures are tremendous, but so are the opportunities to learn. Certainly it's the best place to prove that you *have* learned." Smight, who sprang into the front rank of the new directors with last year's *Harper*, was tapped for features by producer Ross Hunter on the basis of his vast experience with television in all its forms—live, taped, and filmed. "Essentially, they are all the same—the same principles of performance, camera angles, and technique in general. It's just that in films—theatrical films—you have a lot more room to move around in. In *Harper*, I was able to take special advantage of this. We were on the move all the time, searching out new and unusual locations. After all, our basic story has been done hundreds of times since *The Maltese Falcon*. Our job was to make it *look* different."

Because Smight did make it look different enough to turn it into one of the most successful films of 1965, he has been in constant demand since. Currently, he is completing a comedy for Universal, *Meanwhile, Back at the Front*, again starring Paul Newman; has a three-picture deal with the Mirisch Brothers, who seem to make contracts with the more promising young directors almost as a reflex action; and is planning a sequel to *Harper*, also with Newman. Although its title is *The Chill*, perhaps inevitably they refer to it as *Harper II*. —A.K.

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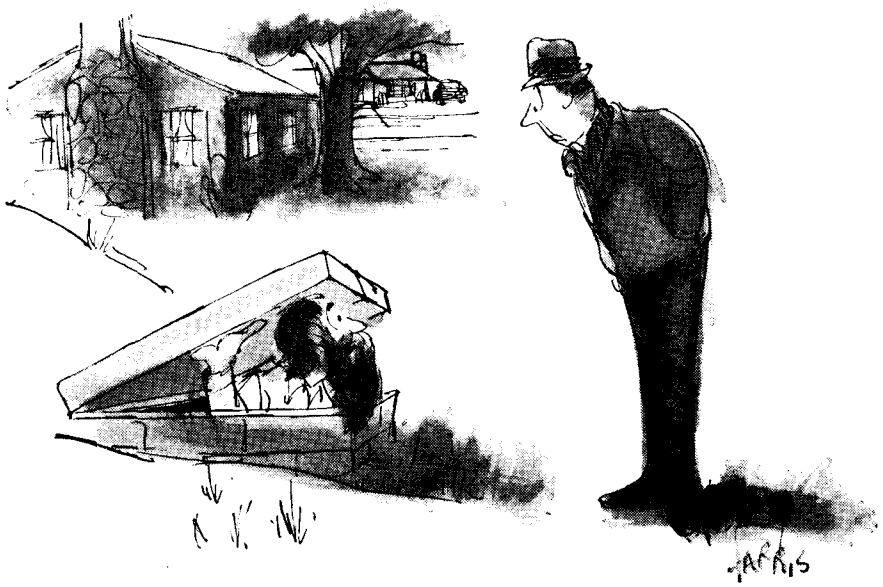
WHERE IS THE NEW TALENT?

By ARTHUR KNIGHT

LATE IN NOVEMBER New York's Lincoln Center played host to the prize-winning films of the National Student Film Awards competition for 1966. Students in colleges and universities throughout the United States—not merely those with film schools—were invited to send in their submissions. Almost 150 entries were received; and anyone who was in the near-capacity audience at Philharmonic Hall or who attended the four screenings of the finalists earlier at Hunter College could only be aware that new film talent exists in abundance all over the country. Unfortunately, although the event was co-sponsored by the Motion Picture Association of America, its sponsorship consisted of little more than providing $2,000 in prize money. The gulf that separates the would-be film-makers from access to the major studios has not been bridged.

As one of the judges who participated in this event, I was enormously impressed, first, by the vivid awareness of the contemporary scene that so many of these films displayed; second, by their unanticipated variety; and third, by the sheer professionalism of many, particularly those that came from the half dozen or so universities with full-time film schools. The youthful makers of the prize-winning *Fareforward Voyager*, from the University of California at Los Angeles, are obviously prepared to handle dramatic assignments in any TV studio or major lot. Hal Barwood of the University of Southern California, whose sophisticated *Child's Introduction to the Cosmos* won the only prize for animation, displays almost too much taste and imagination for the lucrative world of TV commercials. *Hey, Little One*, a documentary from New York University, tells more about the life attitudes of the Greenwich Village "teeny boppers" in ten minutes than most TV "specials" encompass in a full hour.

BUT more exciting—and in the long run, more important—than professional competence is the impulse to speak meaningfully, personally, about a world that, one realizes with a start, is seldom talked about on the big screen. Here were student sit-ins and anti-war demonstrations, a dramatic strike of the fruit pickers in California, an expression of how it feels to be a Negro girl growing up in Watts (made, significantly, *before* the Watts riots broke out). All of these are themes that might have been handled by the studios if they were somewhat less timorous or had some infusion of new blood that was considerably more in tune with the times. No less important, looking at these films one realizes, too, that a number of them deal with subjects that are far too special ever to be commercial—film poems about a man who weaves beautiful tapestries in San Francisco or who builds marvelously primitive towers in Watts, a sly dig at the blatant commercialization of Christmas, an *Our Gang* comedy in which the children at play wear the masks of Johnson, Khrushchev, and Mao Tse-tung while a Negro boy looks impassively on. Surely, for the enrichment of our movie-going experience, these deserve a place along with *The Liquidators*, *The Bible*, and the latest Doris Day escapade.



"Is the Cuban missile crisis over?"

Happily, the National Student Association proposes to package the prize-winners and make them available for showings in universities. Happily, too, a number of film-producing universities such as USC and UCLA have undertaken to distribute the best of their student-produced works in the 16 mm. market. But while it is certainly satisfying to a student film-maker to know that his picture is being seen, this scarcely solves his central problem—how to break into the field for which he has assiduously prepared himself. In law, in medicine, in public accounting the course is clear. There are schools one attends, degrees one earns, apprenticeships one endures, and then—*voilà!*—one puts out his own shingle. Not so in films. The graduate of a film school, no matter how well qualified, has not the slightest guarantee of a job in his chosen field. Indeed, there are certain fields, such as those of the cameraman and editor, so tightly controlled by the unions that virtually the only method of entry is to be the son of either a cameraman or an editor.

This past summer in England I encountered a vivid example of the Hollywood system at work. I had gone out to the Pinewood Studio to watch Bryan Forbes shoot a sequence for his new picture, *The Whisperers*. As I stepped on the set, a young man came forward. "Mr. Knight," he said, "you don't remember me, but I was in your Thursday night class at USC."

"Yes, your face is familiar," I admitted. "But what are you doing here?"

"I'm the producer," he replied. Ronald Sheddloe, age twenty-seven, I learned, had acquired the rights to a novel that he thought would make a fine motion picture. He tried, in vain, to sell it in Los Angeles. "See my agent," was the standard brush-off when he sought to interest an American producer or director. Without introductions of any sort, he sent the book to Forbes in London—writing, with the bravado of youth, that if Forbes didn't like it he was going to send it straight to Ingmar Bergman. As it happened, Forbes *did* like it, sent for Sheddloe, and agreed to write and direct the film. With this commitment, Sheddloe was able to go to United Artists and obtain the $500,000 or so needed to complete the film—with Dame Edith Evans as star. "The sad thing is," Sheddloe added, "I'd really like to have made it in Hollywood."

Actually, the situation is not as utterly

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without hope as once it was. Dr. Bernard Kantor, chairman of the Cinema Department at USC, estimates that perhaps 25 per cent of his graduates eventually trickle into the major studios, some in features, more in television. Writing, of course, affords the most direct way in. Not only does the Writers Guild hold open its rolls to anyone who can sell a script, but television is so voracious in its demands for new material that a promising student can command a respectful hearing or—what is often even more important, a helpful agent—on the recommendation of his teacher. A new post, as yet untouched by the unions, is some variant on that of personal assistant to the producer. Here it is not the studio that does the hiring, but an independent producer who, for one reason or another, decides he has found someone worth developing and adds him to his own payroll.

Again, the schools are often helpful in providing not only the initial training but also the point of access. USC, for example, offers an annual Harry Warner Fellowship which is, in fact, six months' employment at the Warner studio. Many of the recipients have moved on to become producer's assistants—generally, oddly enough, at other studios. Indeed, the most recent, Joyce Geller, now an assistant to David Weisbart at Fox, seems well launched on a writing career as well. In her tenure at Warner she developed an original script that is currently in production and is preparing another for Weisbart. Stephen Karpf, a graduate of Northwestern's film school, last year won a fellowship that enabled him to come to the Coast to complete his Ph.D. thesis, a study of the Warner films of the Thirties. While there, with his wife Eleanor he wrote an adaptation of *Catch 22* that came to the attention of Richard Quine and Mike Nichols. Quine promptly hired him as script editor on the Jean Arthur show, and Nichols has him on a stand-by basis to act as assistant on his next movie.

While it is gratifying, particularly to a film teacher, to be able to point to such occasional success stories, the sad fact remains that they take place on an alarmingly casual, hit-or-miss basis. There is no smooth, transitional, apprenticeship program that can carry the trained graduate directly into the studios. And what of all the talented young people who turned up in the Hunter College and Philharmonic Hall programs but were not attending film schools? Of course, not all are aiming for Hollywood in the first place. Andrew Meyer, whose *Match Girl* took the prize as the best dramatic film, is obviously much closer to the independent underground artists than to United Artists. But undoubtedly many of them want in—and no doubt some of them will get in, although not necessarily on the basis of merit alone. As Hollywood has arranged its obstacle course, the race often goes not to the most talented but to the most persistent and audacious.

Meanwhile, steps are being taken on several meaningful levels to correct this situation. The Motion Picture Association, the official spokesman for the industry, is at least giving lip-service to the notion that there should be closer ties between the film studios and the film schools, as in its co-sponsorship of the Lincoln Center event. The American Film Institute, set up as part of President Johnson's National Council of the Arts program, is actively exploring the needs, problems, and possibilities that exist in this area. Even more significantly, within the past year the Directors Guild opened its books to take in ten new members, on a competitive basis, to work as apprentice assistants on actual productions—an enlightened lead that other unions and guilds might well consider following. And individuals such as Paul Newman have set up foundations to assist promising film-makers out of private funds.

At the moment, the industry is watching with more than ordinary interest the progress of Twentieth Century-Fox's new Talent School, the first attempt in many years on the part of a major studio to build its own stars and a roster of contract players. One recent afternoon, with studio head Richard Zanuck and the school's supervisor, Owen McLean, I walked to the stage where a dozen or so young actors and actresses were waiting with brief scenes from plays or old movies that they had prepared. This was to be a run-through, Zanuck explained. Those who survived would repeat their performances the following afternoon for about forty of the studio's top producers, directors, writers, and talent coordinators.

"All of these young people are under contract to us," Zanuck whispered after

***New Faces*—III**

Richard Lester: The man who directed *A Hard Day's Night, Help!, The Knack,* and *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* is a former Philadelphian of thirty-four, now expatriated in London, from where he has no intention of moving except for location work. Richard Lester can do pretty much as he pleases, since the returns on the above-mentioned films have established his knack for turning out box-office hits. He is also regarded as among the most brilliant of the new crop of directors—*The Knack,* for instance, having won Cannes's Golden Palm as the best picture shown during the 1965 festival. His style, frenetic, deft, and sometimes daft, has already been widely imitated and shows up each week on American television, in diluted form, on an imitative series called *The Monkees.*

He is a product of the University of Pennsylvania, where at age nineteen he received a degree in clinical psychology—which, characteristically for Lester, fitted him for stagehand jobs in Philadelphia television. He soon fled to Europe, wandered for a year, writing articles for suburban weeklies at $10 each, played a guitar and sang at overseas U.S. Army encampments, and eventually reached London with a musical comedy, which landed on British television. This opened the directorial doors for him, and—already developing his original comedy techniques—he did such British programs as *Idiot's Weekly* and *A Show Called Fred* as well as working on the famous *Goon Show* with Peter Sellers. An eleven-minute short called *The Running, Jumping and Standing Still Film,* made by these two kindred spirits, is considered by many to be the best Lester movie ever.

After directing *The Mouse on the Moon* for producer Walter Shenson, Lester was tapped by Shenson to direct a low-cost United Artists film with the Beatles. A major incentive was that UA would capitalize on the resulting record album. A contemporary film classic also resulted. Now a producer as well as director, Lester has made a combat comedy called *How I Won the War,* which he thinks is better seen than described. —H.A.

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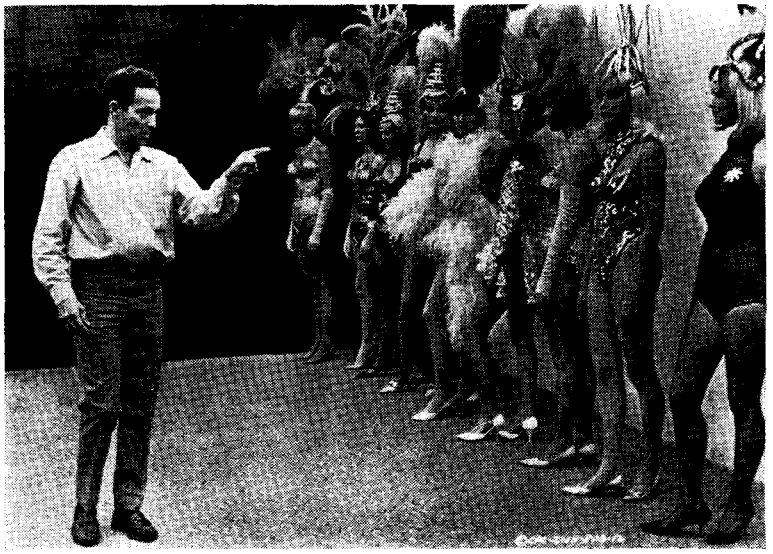
we had taken seats facing a rather rudimentary and improvised basic set. "If we think they show promise, we sign them for seven years, with six-month options. That means we can wash them out at the end of every six months if they don't show sufficient development or improvement. This"—he nodded toward the stage—"takes place about every six weeks. It gives us a chance to see how they are coming along, but it also gives the producers and directors here on the lot an opportunity to see what we have available in terms of talent. Many of the kids you will see this afternoon have already appeared in some of our features and many of our TV shows. That's one of the big advantages of having the school here on the lot. The talent is always right on tap." As it turned out, the talent was so much on tap that one of the numbers had to be scratched. Curt Conway, the school's dramatic coach, informed us that one of the actresses had suddenly been tapped for a small part.

After the program, which displayed at least half a dozen promising personalities, Zanuck pointed out the school's facilities, including a new multi-channel Ampex video tape installation. "Now a director can see what an actor looks like and how well he performs at a moment's notice, and without all the expense of a screen test," he stated. The school, which maintains an enrollment of fifteen to twenty potential stars at a time, offers courses in dance, body movement, voice, and dramatics. Since the students sign on at $175 a week, with increments every six months if they remain (and receive no more whether they work or not), the economics favor the studio. "If we come up with only one real star a year, and maybe three or four good supporting players, this program will have justified its expense," says Zanuck. And if, by chance, the school turns up another Elizabeth Taylor or Marilyn Monroe, the studio is in clover. Unfortunately—or at least so Richard Zanuck implied—whether the program succeeds or fails, no thought is being given to setting up similar training programs for potential writers, directors, or other film craftsmen. An Elizabeth Taylor costs a million dollars, while even the best writer or director can be purchased for a quarter of that sum.

In the meantime in order to attract profitable talent the studios are going to unprecedented lengths. Steve McQueen has just signed a multi-million dollar, six-picture deal with Warner Brothers that allows him to select his own stories and produce his own films—so long as he stars in at least three of them. On a similar, but less wide-ranging, basis, Warren Beatty is currently producing and starring in *Bonnie and Clyde*—the crime-studded story of Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow—also for Warners. Proven producer-directors such as Richard Brooks and Otto Preminger can virtually write their own tickets so far as the studios are concerned. Even directors who are less reliable at the box-office, such as Arthur Penn and Martin Ritt, can—and do—demand the right to the final cut on their pictures.

All of these are hard-wrung concessions, but the studios make them with every show of cheerfulness, for they are dealing with *names*. Committed to business as usual, studio heads view with alarm the spiraling costs of production—but contribute willingly to that spiral if it means adding to their roster a million-dollar name. Off in the wings, however, are the nameless ones—the students whose films were shown at Philharmonic Hall, the Ronnie Sheddloes who are able to put together a production in England, the non-student film-makers whose pictures are being run in tawdry cinémathèques and university ciné clubs all over the country. For its own sake, Hollywood must find ways to reach these people and add their talents, their variety, to its own aging and over-expensive production set-up. If Hollywood does not, the chances are they will go on making movies anyway—and pose a challenge such as the studios have not encountered since the early days of television.

***New Faces*—IV**



Elliot Silverstein: What a single success can mean for a director's career in Hollywood today is dramatically illustrated by the sudden rise of Elliot Silverstein. Until little more than a year ago, the name of this thirty-nine-year-old director was completely unknown except perhaps to that handful of cranks who watch the credits on television shows, of which he had done hundreds since starting with *Omnibus* in 1953.

But then came the wildly offbeat film, *Cat Ballou*, and overnight he was one of the most sought-after directors in town—"mostly," he admits, "by people with scripts that were offbeat parodies of Westerns." Instead, he signed with veteran producer Sam Spiegel for the sharply contemporary *It's What's Happening* (which may be known simply as *The Happening* by the time it is released next spring), and is currently at work preparing *Home Is the Sailor*, which he will direct and co-produce with Anthony Quinn for Warner Brothers late next year.

Silverstein, the son of a doctor, abandoned his pre-med courses at Boston College to study dramatics at Yale. He acted and directed in repertory and summer stock, then took a teaching job in the Theatre Arts Department of Brandeis University, where, as part of an arts festival, he staged Leonard Bernstein's one-act opera, *Trouble in Tahiti*. Bernstein, a participant in the festival, was sufficiently impressed to recommend the young man to the producers of *Omnibus*, for which his first real assignment was writing an adaptation of *Antigone*. Soon he was active on all networks, first in "live" television, then doing such filmed TV series as *Alcoa Video Theatre*, *Checkmate*, and *Eleventh Hour*.

"The theater is probably the best place to be born," he said recently, "but television is like learning your craft in a pressure cooker. If you can survive that, you're ready for anything." —A.K.

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ILLUSIONS AND INDEPENDENTS

By ANDREW SARRIS

THE MYSTIQUE of the Independent Film movement in America has always nurtured itself on a hatred of Hollywood movies. Indeed, if Hollywood had never existed, we would have had to devise another code name for vulgarity, mediocrity, and the sweet corruptions of capitalism. Intellectuals mention Hollywood, like Broadway and the bustling Parisian boulevards of theater-going Philistines, only for its pejorative implications. But Hollywood is more than a state of mind; it is also a geographical absurdity to the cultural élite of the East Coast. Consequently, though many relatively experimental films are shot on the West Coast and many relatively commercial films are shot in New York, the illusion persists in some quarters that everything shot east of the Rockies is Art and everything west is Kitsch.

This regional prejudice is only one of the distorting elements that afflict supposedly serious discussions of an American alternative to Hollywood moviemaking. Much anti-Hollywood rhetoric is basically anti-movie as well. Attacks on the star system serve also as attacks on all acting and story telling beyond the newsreel-level narrative of *Potemkin*. Perhaps the most outrageous distortion of all is the use of "Hollywood" to apply only to movies one doesn't like. Thus *Quo Vadis* is a Hollywood spectacle, but *Citizen Kane* is an American film. The effect of this dishonest distinction is to magnify the vacuum that exists for enlightened moviegoers.

Already those of us who regard ourselves as enlightened moviegoers find it difficult to keep up with all the film footage offered for our inspection. Where, then, is the pressure coming from for more and more movies, however independent? Certainly not from audiences, at least from the evidence to date. While experimental films are hanging on at best in marginal engagements, *The Sound of Music* and *Goldfinger* demonstrate hallowed Hollywood principles as vulgarly as anything has in the past, and their grosses are much greater. *David and Lisa* is cited as counter-evidence for the independent movement. A closer inspection of *David and Lisa* reveals an extremely sentimental treatment of clinical material, affecting performances by Kier Dullea and Janet Margolin, and the awkward manner of an ostentatiously inexpensive production. Even so, *David and Lisa* was fortunate enough to open during the New York newspaper strike, and consequently escaped the peril of a Bosley Crowther pan. The question remains: Is *David and Lisa* what we have been waiting for all these years as an alternative to "Hollywood"?

If not *David and Lisa*, then what? *The Balcony? Finnegan's Wake? The Savage Eye? Private Property? Ladybug, Ladybug? Night Tide? Crazy Quilt? Hallelujah the Hills? Scorpio Rising? The Chelsea Girls? Nothing But a Man? One Potato, Two Potato? Salt of the Earth? On the Bowery? The Connection? The Cool World? Goldstein? The Brig?*

EACH of these seems to have been conceived at least partly as a rebuke to Hollywood. Of this group, only *One Potato, Two Potato* has approached the commercial success of *David and Lisa*, and *One Potato, Two Potato* is easily the most sentimental of the lot. It did much better, for example, than *Nothing But a Man*, which lacked the sensational advertising gimmicks of *One Potato, Two Potato*. As much as we say we need more films about the Negro's role in America, the public apparently prefers to be titillated rather than edified on the subject. *The Chelsea Girls* and *Scorpio Rising*, the most successful films of the so-called underground movement, both have profited by intimations of shock and salacity.

This is not to say that commercial success is necessarily indicative of artistic abdication. The problem is that the mainstays of the Hollywood ethos—sentimentality, sensuality, sensationalism—seem to reappear in the Independent Cinema. In fact, people looking for Something Different often have worse taste than people looking for the Same Old Thing. If the subject matter is sensational enough, esthetic distinctions become irrelevant to the audience as the reviewer is reduced to a reporter. Where social themes are involved, the critic is tempted to cater to the prejudices of his readers. It would take a brave soul indeed to report that *Nothing But a Man* has moments lacking in inspiration. Hollywood's disgraceful treatment of the Negro seems justification enough to encourage a less condescending approach to the subject. Thus, good intentions are the great alibi of independent films both after they are released and before they are financed.

There is some truth to the truism that it is easier to find backers for a million-dollar movie than for a hundred-thousand-dollar one. Faced with this financial paradox, the independent film-maker may be tempted to fall back on moralistic cant if not downright propaganda in his sales talk. Nowadays, with universities and foundations entering the field of motion pictures, an arty sales talk has become indispensable to the independent or beginning film-maker. Even the major studios are showing more interest in this approach as the glibness of

Marie Menken and Gerard Malanga in a scene from *The Chelsea Girls*— "The problem is that the mainstays of the Hollywood ethos seem to reappear."

Andrew Sarris is film critic of the *Village Voice* and editor of the English language edition of *Cahiers du Cinéma*.

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Sammy Glick seems to have found a new home in television.

The time may be approaching, however, when the big problem of the independent film-maker will be less production than distribution and exhibition. Counting the films in repertory, there is now more footage available than any one person can see in any one lifetime. Cameras and film stock are becoming less expensive, and young people are becoming increasingly camera conscious. How will this surge of cinematic energy be channeled in the future?

A great deal depends upon the role the critic assumes in promoting new works. Up to now most film critics have preferred to accept the decisions of the film industry with undue passivity. If a film, however worthy, can't find a theater, it is treated as a non-film and goes unreviewed, unreported, and unremembered. When films by Jean-Luc Godard, Robert Bresson, Ingmar Bergman, and Michelangelo Antonioni have been completely passed over for American release without any critical outcry, what hope can there be for unknown American filmmakers to have their wares shown and judged? It is not enough for the Crowthers and the Crists to editorialize about what is wrong with Hollywood. If they sincerely wish to change things, they must encourage distributors and exhibitors to take greater risks. Unfortunately, such encouragement could constitute collusion, and most critics prefer not to become involved with the financial workings of the film industry. This attitude is quite proper, but hardly helpful to the aspiring outsider.

THE Independent Cinema should not be judged too harshly by those who expect an alternative to Hollywood to materialize out of thin air, lofty ideals, and drafty lofts. One must keep the marginal role of the Independents in perspective. It isn't fair to expect the American Underground to produce a *Breathless*, a *L'Avventura*, or an *8½*. For one thing, we don't need an American *Breathless*, an American *L'Avventura*, or an American *8½* any more than we need a European *Citizen Kane*. For another, Godard, Antonioni, and Fellini are closer to the Establishment than to the Underground. American artists must find their own forms and statements, not imitate the currently fashionable styles and themes from abroad. It is possible that certain artists will never be able to function effectively in the cinema. New York, in particular, seems to be more a town of painting, sculpture, writing, and photography than a movie town. The distinctive New York sensibility of Burroughs, Mailer, Kerouac, Ginsberg, Rauschenberg, and even Warhol has not yet established a cinematic equivalence. Perhaps it never will—Warhol's candor and compassion as the Flaherty of the fey and the foul notwithstanding.

Nonetheless, the Independent Cinema will continue to have an indirect influence on the Establishment Cinema. Films such as Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures*, crudely put together for a pittance, probably have done more to liberate Hollywood from its idiotic self-censorship than have all the pious editorials on the subject. By making the unthinkable thinkable, Jack Smith's outrages against decorum extend the boundaries of artistic freedom. Similarly, sympathetic and even favorably biased treatment of the Negro helps break the barrier of timidity in the mass media.

If the Independent Cinema continues to disappoint with its advance claims and heroic rhetoric, part of its problem is its failure to preserve some of the genuinely creative gains of Hollywood film-making. The classical economy to be found in the works of Ford and Hitchcock, the expressionistic flourishes of Welles, the unobtrusive cutting of Lubitsch, and the crisp cutting of Lang are swept away by the vulgarities of the front offices. Thus many independent film-makers preach the virtues of simplicity, but lack the technical skill to express even their simple-mindedness simply. And too many academicians still confuse crudity with sincerity.

Jean-Luc Godard, quoting Degas, recently said that art must be discouraged. We don't need more bad movies, particularly bad movies posing—painfully—as art, nor do we need any more bad artists. We will get them just the same, but we don't have to encourage them. What we need are higher critical standards among those whose task it will be to sift through the enormous output of the next decade for a small handful of masterpieces.

To achieve these higher standards, we will have to modify some of the more persistent illusions of the Hollywood-haters:

1) *Realism is the only valid style in the cinema.* As Harold Rosenberg has observed, realism is only one of the fifty-seven varieties of decoration.

2) *Dramatic and narrative elements are alien to the medium.* Documentaries from *Nanook of the North* to *The Chelsea Girls* will find a privileged place in the cinema, but films that tell stories will always form the bulk of most moviegoing biographies. Actors and actresses will never be replaced by abstractions.

***New Faces*—V**

Arthur Hiller: (Center) He represents the new breed of TV-trained film directors. Now forty-two, he began his career in his native Canada as a psychologist interested in the psychology and sociology of modern communication. This led him to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's Talks and Public Affairs Department, for which he did radio documentaries. Switching soon to direction, he moved over to CBC-TV, where he won acclaim for a drama called *The Rock*. Albert McCleary, head of the promising but short-lived *Matinee Theatre*, then beckoned Arthur Hiller to Hollywood, where he continued to freelance as a television director.

Hiller's first-directed film was *The Careless Years*, a socially oriented tale of teen-agers. Good reviews, but a flop otherwise. His skills matured and developed on such hour-long series as *Ben Casey*, and Hiller was tapped in 1963 by Walt Disney to direct *The Miracle of the White Stallions*. His next was a hard-bitten comedy called *The Wheeler Dealers*, and he rose to Hollywood's top directorial ranks with *The Americanization of Emily*, a film that combined comedy with comment. Still oriented toward social themes, he nevertheless will take on comedy, or adventuresome drama, as with a farce called *Penelope* and with the soon to be released *Tobruk*. He is currently bringing Murray Schisgal's play *The Tiger* to the screen under the title of *The Tiger Makes Out in the Big City with a Girl from Suburbia*, preferring this low-budgeted labor of love to the more expensive projects he has been offered. Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson will star; the remainder of the players are known Broadway but unknown Hollywood quantities.

Hiller is first of all a professional craftsman, and willingly functions under the Hollywood system. He would prefer, however, that the industry face more of the facts of life in our time, and he stays on the watch for the script that may do just that. —H.A.

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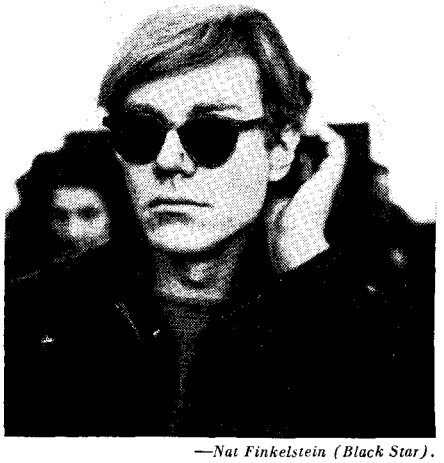
3) *Artistic freedom is inversely proportional to the size of the budget.* This argument is less fashionable today than it was in the Forties when the avant-garde was more strident in its avowed anti-commercialism. An artist such as the late Maya Deren considered herself in revolt against the mass media. An artist such as Andy Warhol considers himself more an accomplice of the Establishment than its antagonist. If anything, Hollywood is now more fashionable than European artiness.

4) *Frankness of expression is an index of the artist's honesty and sincerity.* Perhaps, but frankness can also be the last refuge of the imbecile. The problem of what can or cannot be said or shown on the screen is more complex than we once imagined. Tact, discretion, and even repression have probably helped artists shape their work into more meaningful forms. There is more awareness of sex in D. W. Griffith than in Roger Vadim, as there is more in Henry James than Henry Miller.

5) *The mere locale of movie-making determines its ultimate truth and beauty.* In some seminars, Sidney Lumet is introduced as an independent film-maker, although he functions as a Hollywood producer-director working away from Hollywood. Hollywood films were being turned out in New York well into the Thirties, and one recalls the Paramount Astoria studios and the Hecht-MacArthur-Coward-Woolcott consortium in *The Scoundrel* with special fondness.

6) *Documentaries and short subjects will someday constitute a meaningful challenge to Hollywood's alleged hold on the masses.* Television is now the logical medium for the socially oriented documentary, and short subjects will always require some form of subsidy.



—*Nat Finkelstein (Black Star).*

Andy Warhol—"Candor and compassion."

7) *Colleges and foundations will be more reliable judges of talent than the traditional movie studios.* Judging by the published tastes of most film academicians, Pauline Kael's wildest fears about the fun-killing potentialities of academicians seem fully justified. If anything, the relatively respectable auspices of Academe may discourage more daring enterprises for the sake of conventional exercises in the service of an esthetic that atrophied somewhere between *Caligari* and *Potemkin.*

Ultimately, we must not expect too much from post-Hollywood cinema. The King is dead! Long live the King! New vulgarities will arise to replace the old. New sentimentalities will bedevil our sensibilities. The temptations to compromise will take subtler and more devious forms. And one day we may quite possibly look back on the Hollywood cinema between 1915 and 1936 as the Golden Age of film-makers with a flair for telling a story with feeling and expressiveness. The Independent Cinema! It will have suffered the final disease of self-expression—subjective dispersal.

WE WILL have thousands of honest film-makers, but no conventions and no generally comprehensible cinema. Program notes will be handed out at every showing. Even the old movies will be encrusted with commentaries and secondary scholarship, and there will be a bright essay in *Partisan Review* about how modern film-makers can't tell stories anymore. It will be called "Movie-Movie/Fable, Fable," and we will have come full circle from the late Siegfried Kracauer's theories on film. For the present, however, we critics must content ourselves with finding some order in the coming chaos.

New Faces—VI

Norman Jewison: "You've got to *care*," says Canadian-born Norman Jewison, forty, who began his film career only three years ago. "If it's just the money that you're going for in this business, you're lost. Honestly, when *The Russians Are Coming The Russians Are Coming* began to gross millions, I got worried. Are they going to expect me to do it again? You see, when we started and the picture began to go above budget, the studio got very nervous. I said, 'OK, let's scrub it. Let's do something else.' But they decided to go ahead, and now everybody's happy. The thing is, I didn't go into it to make a lot of money. I liked what the picture was trying to say."

Like many others of the new generation in Hollywood, Jewison is a product of television, first as a writer and actor for the BBC in England, then as the producer-director for most of the top-rated CBC shows in his native Canada.

He was then asked to come to New York to inject new life into the ailing *Hit Parade,* and soon won assignments on such "specials" as *The Broadway of Lerner and Loewe, The Judy Garland Show,* and *The Harry Belafonte Hours.* Because producer Stan Margulies, then teamed with Tony Curtis, wanted a fresh approach on *40 Pounds of Trouble,* they called in Jewison. "I felt so insecure," Jewison admitted recently, "that I rented a small house in Hollywood on a very temporary basis. What I didn't realize was how very kind and helpful some of the old-timers—like cameraman Joe MacDonald—would be."

At this point, secure in his technique, Jewison feels that the most important training for a director is to have lived. "I crossed this country four times before I was twenty," he says. "I got down on my hands and knees and picked vegetables. I drove a cab in Toronto. Do you realize how many different types get into a cab in six hours? I draw on these experiences all the time. After all, what is a director's job but to help his actors to create a characterization? And how can you do this if you don't know people? I think it's terribly important to keep your goal in mind, whatever you want to do in pictures, but not to become so single-minded in learning a technique that you shut yourself away from life." —A.K.

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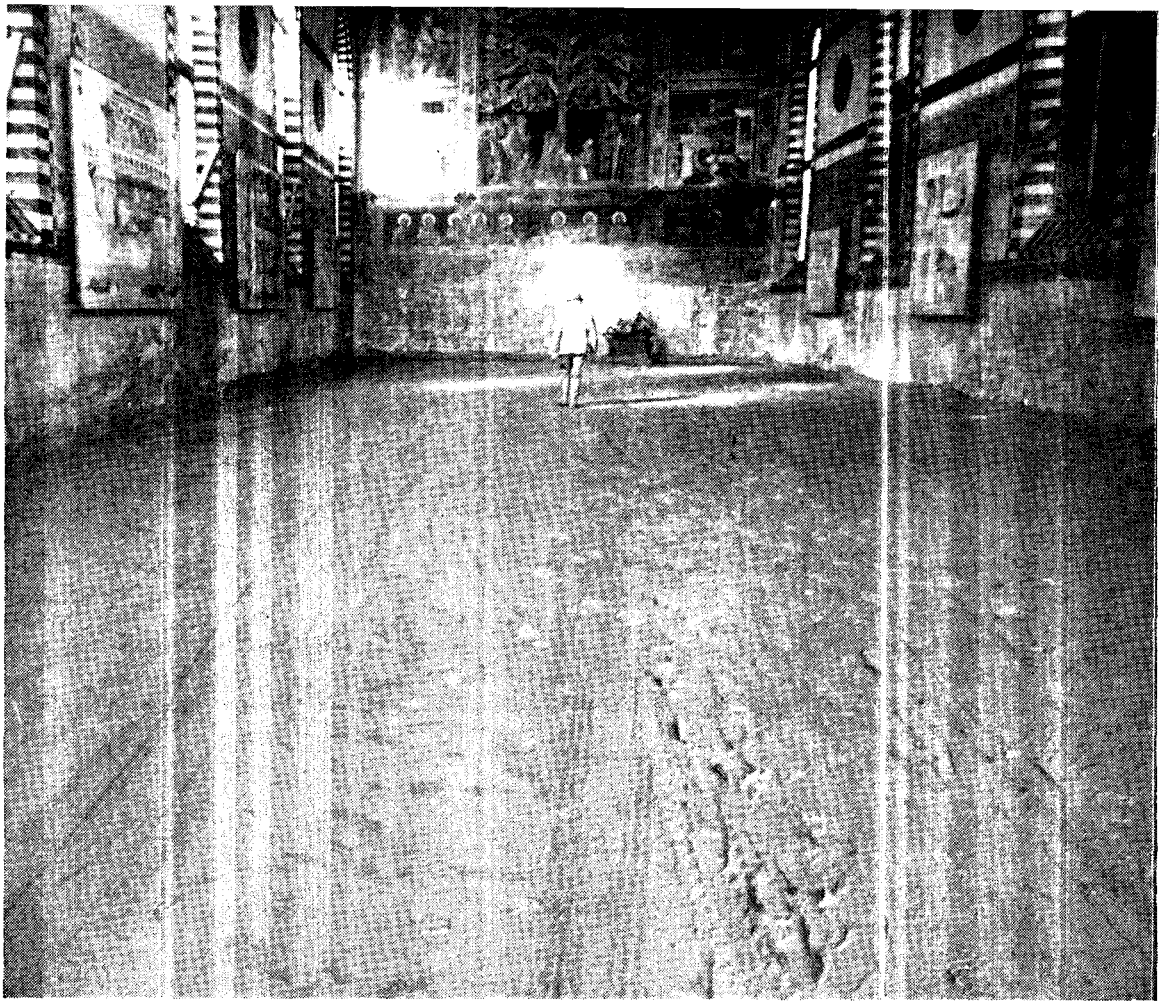

—Pix, Inc.

Museum of the Church of Santa Croce—Mud still covers the floors of this storehouse of priceless fourteenth-century frescoes. Its Cimabue crucifix suffered irreparable damage from the devastating flood.

FLORENCE: AFTER THE FLOOD

By VICTOR and ELIZABETH VELEN

FLORENCE, ITALY.

THE WATERS of the Arno that rose so swiftly and silently during the night of November 3 and 4 cut deeply into not only the narrow streets of the historic center of Florence, but also into the life and soul of this city. For Florence is above all a city of small artisans and shopkeepers, of jewelers, leather workers, weavers, wool carders, woodworkers, and their little shops, an estimated 6,000 of which have been ruined. As no meaningful value can be placed on the Cimabue crucifix in the Museum of Santa Croce, which for twelve hours was largely submerged in brackish, oily water and is destroyed beyond repair—70 per cent of its color gone—no estimate in dollars and cents can be placed on the disappearance of this city's ancient tradition of artisanship, which had been gradually restored in the years since World War II and which now must be revived by a generation twenty years older.

The new has suffered with the old, the growing prosperity of the last few years along with the invaluable medieval and Renaissance Palatina and Magliabechian codices, stamped with the seal of the Medicis, which had formed the treasured core of the tragically hit Biblioteca Nazionale, the National Library of Florence. The gravity of the losses in every field cannot yet be appraised definitively. Officials of the commune and directors of the Soprintendenza alle Gallerie, guardians of the city's art treasures, say the work of reconstruction and restoration will take years.

But there is another side to the tale of the Florence flood. As the work of salvage continues, the miracle of the Ponte Vecchio, whose medieval structure withstood the full force of the current, has its counterpart in the remarkable spirit of the Florentines—the spirit of the Renaissance 500 years dormant. With the general breakdown of authority and the total strangulation of the city's facilities at the height of the emergency, the people fell back on their own resources with courage, calm, and patience.

From early morning until night on Friday, November 4, while the water rose steadily in the district of Santa Croce in which we live—to reach a

Mr. and Mrs. Velen are residents of Florence, where Mr. Velen works as an art historian, translator, and political scientist.

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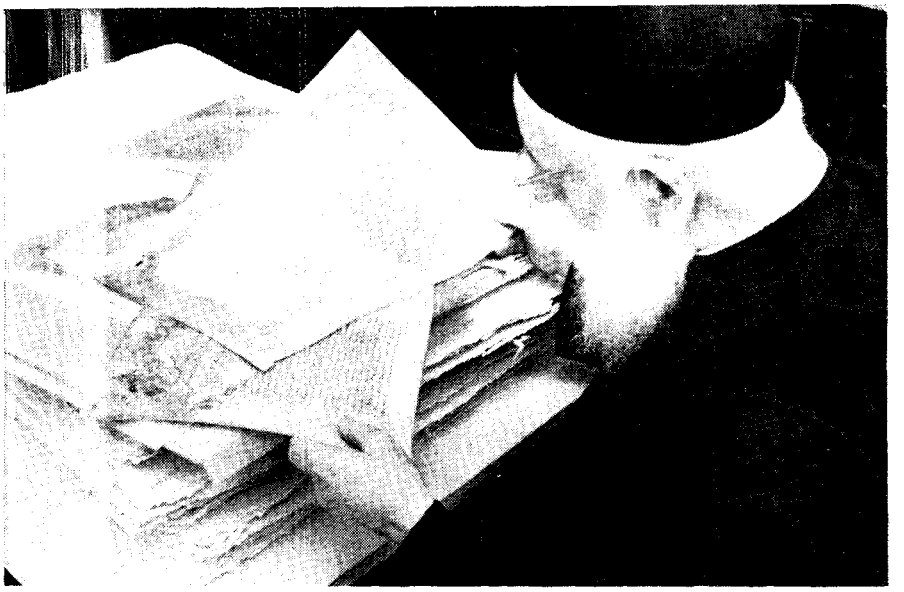
height of more than twenty feet—and each building became an island cut off from its neighbors and the city, the people waited. There was no sound but the sound of rain, of water creeping into the stone crevices of the ancient palazzi, of the rush of the river in the streets around. There were no sirens, no boats, no church bells; the bell of Giotto's Campanile was silent, the bell of the Palazzo Vecchio (Signoria) struck only the time. The phones were dead; gas, electricity, and water had been shut off.

Then, as we ate by candlelight with fifty-four others stranded on the top floor of a fourteenth-century palazzo, out of the blackness all around, the soul of the city began to stir. People shouted messages from house to house, *bocca a bocca,* in relay to the Palazzo Vecchio, where a squad of police was also pinned down by water. "*Dite al Palazzo Vecchio,*" a voice would call and other voices repeat. . . "Tell the Palazzo Vecchio that the house on the corner of the Via dei Pepi and the Via dell' Agnolo is collapsing. No one is inside." And the answer came back the same way, "The Palazzo Vecchio has received your message. *Pazienza!*" This only means of communication continued throughout the night, plunging us back into the Middle Ages, when the alarm must have been given in this fashion during the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines.

The next morning in bright sunshine men, women, and children clambered out on the gently sloping, cantilevered, tiled roofs, bracing themselves with brooms and clinging for support to TV antennas. Ladders reached from roof to roof at right angles and split levels in the crazy quilt that is the roof of Florence itself, and bread and water passed from hand to hand to the accompaniment of the encouraging shouts of onlookers—"*Bravissimo, coraggio, Carlo!*" —and the scolding of wives—"*Attenzione, Alberto,* you'll break your head!"

When the water receded, leaving waist-high mud, the people emerged into the streets ahead of the authorities, forced their way into their shops, and began, with the aid of brooms, shovels, rakes, and their bare hands, the slow, painful work of salvage. Out of interiors blackened with naptha—which had been stored for the winter in cellars and, once liberated, ran through the streets with water and silt in a dark, ugly stream—they dug out, piece by piece, leather purses and wallets, woolens and lace, broken and twisted furniture. At a silver factory in the Piazza Santa Croce a woman stood knee deep in mud for two days, reaching down with elbow-length white gloves to extract tiny pieces of silver and mosaic jewelry. Along the terribly battered stretch of the Lungarno Acciaioli shopowners were washing

(*Continued on page* 56)



Photos from Pix

The painstaking work of restoration—A Basilian monk of the Institute for Restoration determines what can—and should—be restored, the first stage in reclaiming thousands of priceless treasures.

A delicate art—(Left) Tiny pieces of manuscript are placed on a slide for examination under a microscope. (Right) Parchment is treated by a special process.

An eighteenth-century engraving saved—So serious was the damage and so difficult is the restoration that the work may go on for many years.

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Thought for the New Year

SINCE 1945 there have been at least six wars, each of which has carried within it the potentiality of far wider conflict. A war in Vietnam has already cost hundreds of thousands of lives and is becoming larger with each passing month. The United Nations has not been effective in preventing or stopping this conflict because it involves a major nation. The United Nations was not designed to have authority over major nations or to enact or enforce or interpret world law. With all its weaknesses, the U.N. is still the world's best hope for peace, but it cannot make this world less precarious or fragile than it is unless it can transcend the differences of its major members and define a standard binding on all.

If the world is looking for a New Year's resolution for 1967 that is completely relevant, why not resolve to develop the United Nations into an organization with the balanced powers of world law? More specifically, why not federalize the U.N.?

Everything else has been tried and has failed. Security through nuclear monopoly has been tried. It failed. Security through alliances such as NATO and SEATO has been tried. It failed. Security through balance of power has been tried. It failed.

Why not a United Nations raised to the level of a world federation with authority to eliminate the existing world anarchy and provide a basis for rational relationships among nations? If men have to be governed, the same is even more true of nations. No crime committed by an individual begins to compare with the crimes of nations.

What are the principles of world federalism? How would a federalized United Nations differ from what it is now?

WORLD federalism is a way of systematically applying the lessons of history and of human intelligence to the most persistent problem on earth. That problem is the prevention of explosive international tensions. That problem becomes particularly acute at a time when destructive force is the cheapest and most plentiful commodity known to man.

World federalism is a way of extending the fundamental ideas of the men who designed the United States, and adapting them to the problems of today's disorganized world—a world that lacks any basic structure or vehicle for meeting the needs of the people who inhabit the world community.

World federalism is a way of using the basic principles of government to define the obligations of nations in the world arena, and to provide workable means to effect compliance.

World federalism is a way of putting common sense into sovereignty. It does this by making essential distinctions. Sovereignty that takes the form of jurisdiction over a nation's institutions, ideas, and culture is a legitimate exercise of sovereignty. Sovereignty that takes the form of unilateral actions or decisions in the world community, affecting or endangering other peoples, is an illegitimate manifestation of sovereignty. World federalism makes it possible to tell the difference between the two. It protects legitimate sovereignty and makes it more meaningful. It outlaws illegitimate sovereignty and acts against it. The separation of powers between the world authority and the individual national units; the provision of effective safeguards against the unilateral use of national power, operating through statutory authority and due process of law —this is what world federalism is all about.

THERE are some things that world federalism is not.

World federalism is not a super-government. Its authority is limited to common dangers and common needs. It is not an ideology. It doesn't attempt to tell individuals what to do or what to believe. It tells their nations how they must behave in their dealings with one another. It deprives nations of the means for letting loose a world holocaust. It provides the safeguards and common security that alone can make disarmament effective and possible.

World federalism is not an arbitration procedure. It has its prime effects long before interaction among nations reaches the stage at which it requires resolution. So long as nations arbitrarily and unilaterally pursue their national interests outside their countries, disputes and conflicts are inevitable. The way to avoid such disputes is to enact laws that clearly define the limits of a nation's freedom of movement and decision outside its own boundaries.

International disputes that call for resolution suggest situations in which two or more nations have conflicting interpretations of what is due them or what is right. Such arguments have not been the main cause of war in the past. Far more frequent and far more serious are the wars that have occurred because nations have been aggressive or criminal or have attempted to subvert or cheat their neighbors. In such cases, what is required is not so much a mechanism for the "resolution of disputes" as a world authority that can apply the machinery of law for dealing with violations when they occur, or, better still, for keeping the violations from occurring in the first place.

Finally, then, world federalism is workable world law. It derives its authority not just through a legislative structure but through the gravitational shift which places justice among nations rather than the absolute sovereignty of nations at its functional and philosophical center.

World federalism, if it comes into being, will represent the end of man's political adolescence. The way in which it is operated will be the test of his maturity. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Nature of Reality

I AM WHOLLY IN ACCORD with John F. Wharton's idea of the "inspired guess" ["What I Have Learned: Does Anyone Know Reality?" *SR*, Dec. 3]. I have often wondered why someone hasn't made a simple guess—inspired, revealed, or otherwise—as to the reason why "the cortex grew; man became *Homo sapiens* as well as *Homo faber.*" Why did he progress instead of regress for at least 6,000 years?

Certainly some superhuman intelligence must have made some "inspired guesses" and exercised creative activities in setting up the physical world as we have come to know it, and has turned over to man these recreative abilities he has acquired, with the aid of revealed guesses.

CHARLES F. TUTTLE.
Walnut Creek, Calif.

I WAS FASCINATED by John F. Wharton's article on the nature of reality in a scientific age. I have been concerned, as have most of us, about the policy of the United States in Vietnam and about what my stance should be in relation to that policy. Dr. Atlee Beechy's editorial, "Report from Vietnam," in the same issue as the Wharton article, told a sickening story of a very subtle but nonetheless insidious form of unconscionable imperialism to which my country expects me to contribute.

Somehow I sense a link between the two. Somehow the mindless way we project ourselves abroad is a consistent outgrowth of our current practice of placing our material and intellectual achievements at home on idolatrous pedestals.

RICHARD W. KEAN, JR.,
School of Journalism,
University of Missouri.
Columbia, Mo.

IN THE OTHERWISE excellent article by John F. Wharton there was one statement to which I must take exception. It was that "the almost psychotic" George Fox convinced the English people to abolish slavery. Fox related that in early youth he had a distressed mind but was delivered by the voice of God. Also he was willing to undergo eight terms of rigorous imprisonment for the sake of his beliefs. These facts may possibly indicate some psychoses, but if so, many religionists could well be placed in the same category.

As to slavery, George Fox did express sentiment for the universal brotherhood of mankind and this took its first practical effect in the English-speaking world in a declaration against the slave trade by the Pennsylvania Quakers in 1696. But the British Parliament did not abolish slavery until 1807, which was 116 years after Fox's death.

THOMAS H. STUBBS.
Atlantic City, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Encyclopaedia Britannica's article on "Slavery" states: "The first persons in England who took united practical action against the slave trade were the Quakers, following the expression of sentiment which had emanated as early as 1671 from their founder George Fox."*

"Try not to make a fool of yourself tonight."

A Base for Peace

DR. ATLEE BEECHY'S editorial, "Report from Vietnam," as well as the "Brief Report on the Cam Ne Fund" which accompanied it [*SR*, Dec. 3] appears tremendously important in the rehabilitation of America and Americans. Compassion for the plight of the Vietnamese people may be the sole remaining determinant for a peace in our times, for all the other elements in this struggle are promotive of continued struggle, with or without a resultant Pax Americana.

We ourselves are hurt very little. Our casualties are far fewer to auto accidents. The economy, as the Administration pridefully tells us, is both prosperous and needful of no wartime emergency measures. It is not only business as usual but business better than usual. What remain are questions of the human spirit and that elusive commodity, morality! As Doctor Beechy's message spells out quite clearly, if nothing else inhibits us, how about compassion for our clients.

ROBERT SEIDENBERG, M.D.
Syracuse, N.Y.

Politeness Would Pay

THEODORE SORENSEN'S editorial, "The Importance of Being Civil" [*SR*, Nov. 26], shows that nothing but attention is to be gained by rudeness. Discourtesy shows weakness on the part of the party concerned. It can only bring about an underlying feeling of contempt and disrespect. If courtesy were shown more often to others, there would be fewer problems and more unity among people everywhere.

CONSTANCE RANNELS.
Towson, Md.

MR. SORENSEN'S editorial and N.C.'s essay about Grenville Clark in the same issue fit together. Mr. Sorensen's lament that President Kennedy's plea (that civility not be taken as a sign of weakness) seems to be rejected, and Mr. Clark's appeal for the establishment and respect for law between nations are both aimed at peace. Sorensen hopes for peace through politeness, and Clark through law which will control action.

I suspect that people will continue to become angry with one another, and will fight or throw insults—often both. I would guess that almost subconsciously people are now resorting more than ever to nasty words and ugly faces as a substitute for blows because down in their hearts they know that blows will lead to the death of all.

EARL H. HANSON,
Superintendent Emeritus,
Rock Island Public Schools.
Rock Island, Ill.

How to Stop Smoking

SPEAKING OF adolescent cigarette "makings" in the pre-filter days [PHOENIX NEST, Oct. 22, and LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Nov. 12], I can offer one more tobacco substitute that was popular with my boyhood gang.

We filled soda straws with ground coffee, pinched the ends, and puffed away with incredible enjoyment. Perhaps as a result of my early experience, I have never found real pleasure in cigarettes.

JACK F. HENSON.
Indianapolis, Ind.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Wagner-Wagner "Lohengrin"

RUDOLF BING'S concept of the Metropolitan as a museum (of masterpieces, naturally) was affirmed with the "hanging" of its new production of *Lohengrin*, in a style markedly different from any it had previously sponsored. This is the one that might be called the Wagner-Wagner *Lohengrin*, intended to acquaint New Yorkers with what has been done recently at the composer-created Bayreuth Festival by his grandson Wieland. The latter's illness and lamentable death just a few months ago did not deter the mountain from coming to Manhattan, though circumstances decreed that the guide should be his young disciple Peter Lehmann.

This might be called second generation Wieland Wagner, less austere in its rejection of the conventional than his staging of the *Ring* dramas, *Parsifal*, *Tristan*, etc. It is played before a bluish cyclorama (veined with black in a random design) which formed a light-reflecting dome over and around the stage, of which a semicircular tier of steps was the principal furnishing. Though Lohengrin arrived and departed via elevator rather than by means of a Swan Boat, there was the colorful outline of a mammoth bird displayed on a rear curtain at the appropriate time. A Holbein-ish madonna and child, symbolizing the Münster, was similarly displayed in Act II, and a tapestried curtain provided atmosphere for the "Bridal Scene." The only solidly constructed set piece was a tower from which Elsa sang "Euch lüften" in Act II. It served this function well, but required a mood-destroying forecurtain to be dropped while it was removed, thus splitting the act in two parts (a way of making progress backward).

So much of it reflected so considerable a mastery of stagecraft that one regretted only that the Wagner-Wagner style was introduced in the context of *Lohengrin* (a work which was never done at Bayreuth during the composer's lifetime). This is the last of Wagner's old-fashioned German operas, with a chorus that occupies the stage for long stretches of each act. Reducing their participation, in large part, to a static musical one subtracts a potent source of movement from each stage picture and merely adds to inaction. Though tastefully garbed and well disciplined in forming up in their places, the chorus was no longer an assemblage of knights and ladies, just so many sopranos and altos, tenors, baritones, and basses.

However, after a millennium of shabbily costumed subordinate performers and principals who brought along whatever they chose to wear, it was a pleasure to see a Metropolitan *Lohengrin* as unified in shape and color as this one and as thoughtfully supervised. Everybody moved according to a common plan; much that is ordinarily exaggerated in posture and gesture—derived, if it must be known, from a much older Bayreuth style—was eliminated, to the advantage of esthetics if not of credibility. Here, of course, the element of individual projection intrudes, and it was on this rocky terrain that the first performance sometimes encountered hard going.

Sandor Kónya is as good a Lohengrin as there is, and under Karl Böhm's demanding direction he performed very close to the letter of the musical text, with notably fewer of the Italian "sobs" that he has sometimes permitted himself in the past (the "Bridal Scene" brought on one or two nevertheless). Ordinarily, so fine a performance of the title role would satisfy the major vocal requirement of an opera on the plan of *Lohengrin*, but is the "title role" really Lohengrin, or is it Elsa? Mathematics of notes and measures aside, the heaviest burden of expression is certainly borne by the female, torn by doubts and indecision. Ingrid Bjoner's impersonation, for all of its pictorial appeal, was as often a source of aural pain as of pleasure. For whatever reasons—and singing the Kaiserin in *Frau ohne Schatten* might be one—the lyric plush of the voice sounded worn and rough, exposing a dryer texture that did not satisfy the needs of the music. At half voice, as in "Euch lüften" or some parts of "Elsa's Traum," it conveyed a mood; but when power was required, the sound was strident. John Macurdy, as replacement for Jerome Hines, sang a more than respectable King Henry, and Walter Berry filled the dark demands of Telramund with appropriately dark sound. Christa Ludwig's fans gave her the usual applause after "Entweihte Götter" in Act II, but, for all her vehemence and dramatic intent, she did not measure in stature to the classic kind of Ortrud, either in power or menacing sound. Taking all things together, the vocal achievement of the evening belonged to Sherrill Milnes, whose first Heerrufer (Herald) affiliated him with such past performers of the part, in their Metropolitan youth, as Tibbett and Warren.

In the aggregate, this was a cast that was in some respects above the Metropolitan average of recent years, but in other, crucial ones below it, meaning that the burden of achieving a convincing outcome rested with the conductor. Böhm applied himself with typical thoroughness and with unstinted energy, to the advantage of some especially good orchestral performance. Whether he also has the flexibility and the sense of the poetry to do this score complete justice may be judged better on a later occasion, when the cast is more evenly capable than it was this time.

GWYNETH JONES, who performed the title role of Cherubini's *Medea* in the third Carnegie Hall presentation of the American Opera Society's season, is the latest in a series of English-trained singers to attract international attention. A native of Wales, Miss Jones clearly possesses vocal resources of an uncommon order, especially in her wide-ranging top register, which unfolds impressively as it attains maximum thrust. It has, however, an edgy, penetrating quality at middle and full power (she rarely sang softly) and not much variety of color.

What Miss Jones may do, artistically, in the more usual Verdi and Wagner roles of her repertory one can only guess, but she showed only limited aptitude for the dramatic grandeur of Cherubini's most celebrated creation. This is hardly unexpected, for opportunities to explore the kind of vocal writing (plus character development) it contains are by no means common. One would have had more optimism about her long-term future had she shown more disposition to vary the one bright sound with which she did most of her singing this time.

It was, altogether, one of the season's less successful ventures for the American Opera Society, as Jane Marsh, for all the beauty of her young voice, scarcely made contact with the substance of Cherubini's writing for Princess Glauce, and Regina Sarfaty, though more experienced, does not command the fervent style or tonal magnitude for Neris. The catalogue of insufficiencies also included Aldo Bottion, whose Jason was his first venture here, and Carlo Cava, who made inappropriately plebian sounds as King Creon. Conductor Lamberto Gardelli kept them together, but it would be an exaggeration to say that his kind of Cherubini was measurably superior to his vocalists'. In short, a spotty evening for those who rate singers in terms of more than volume.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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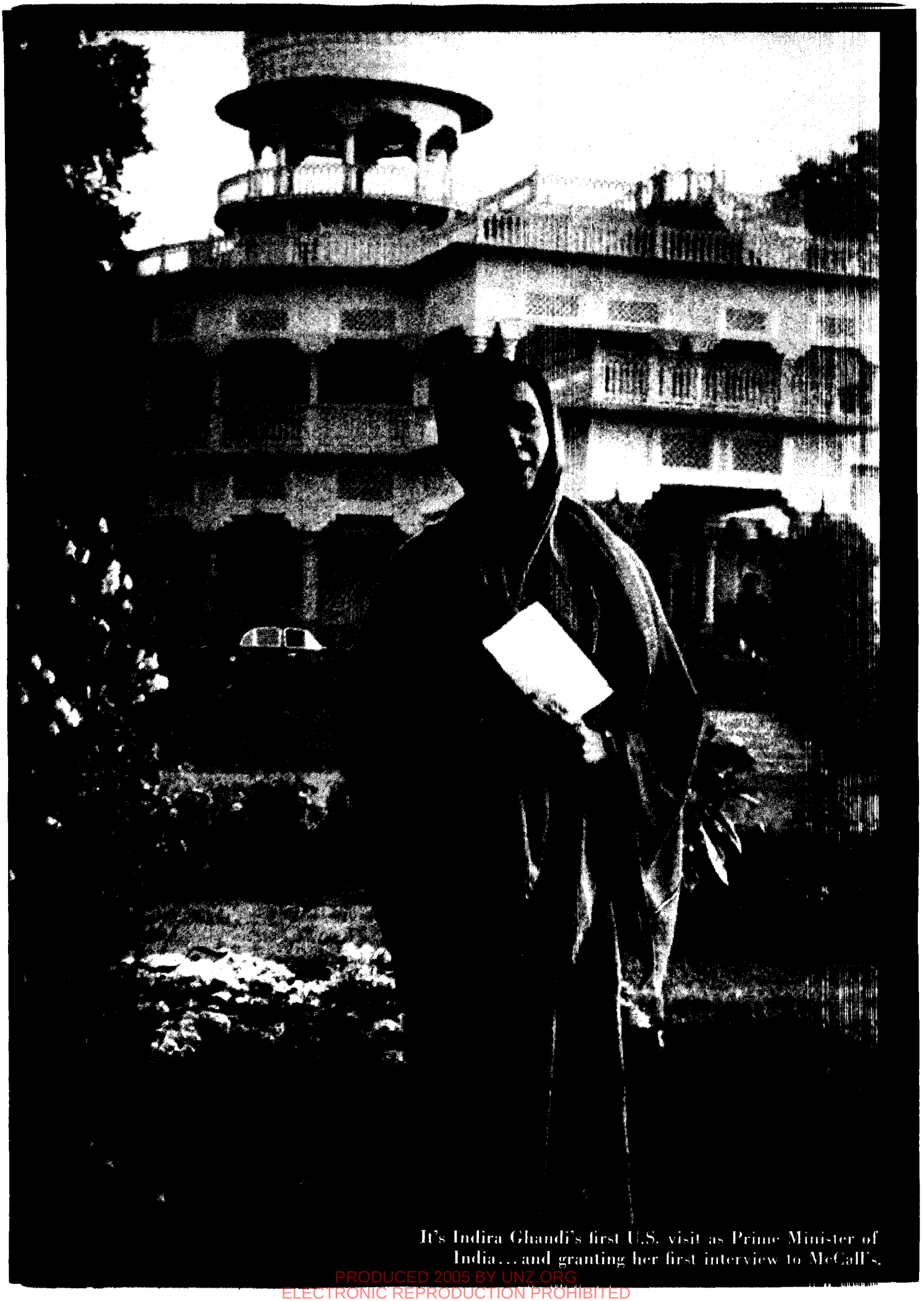

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England's Julie Christie . . . then lavishing it over eight exciting pages, in McCa

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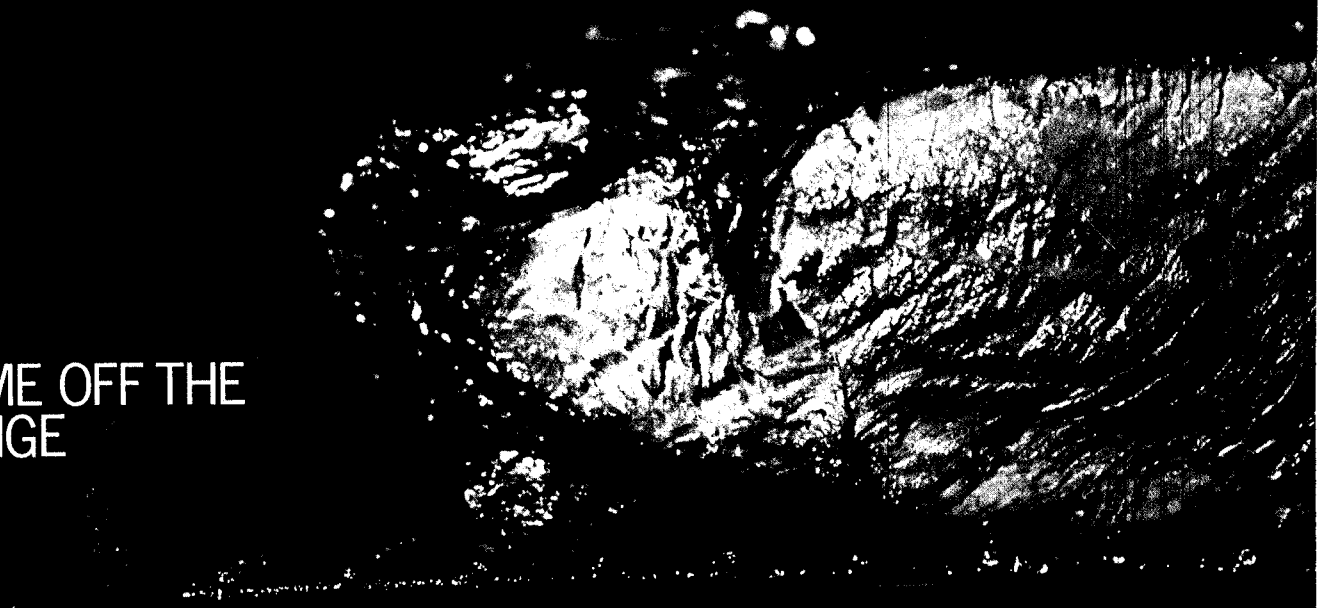

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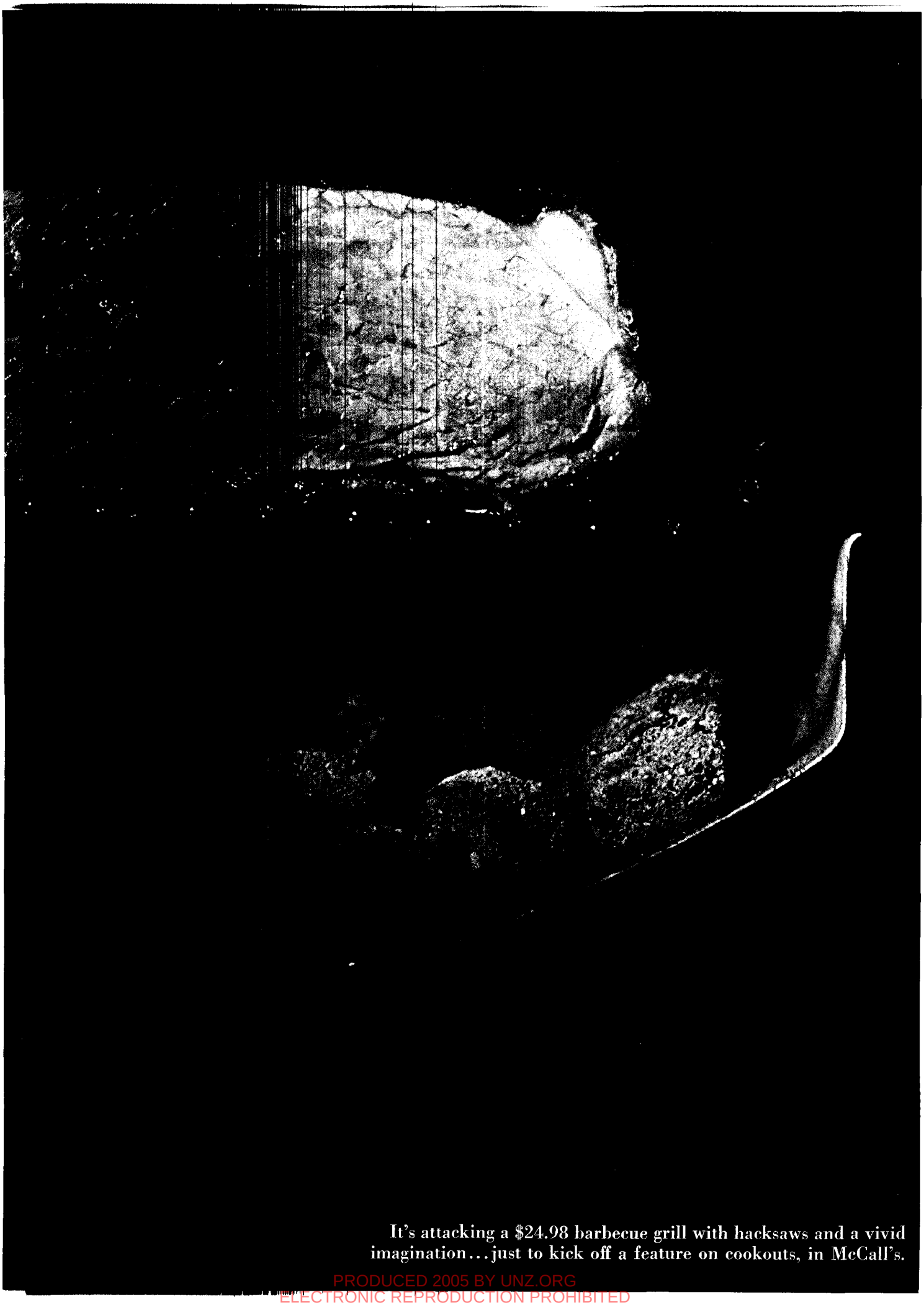

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It's putting children in fashions, then the fashions in action—
because that's where they always wind up.

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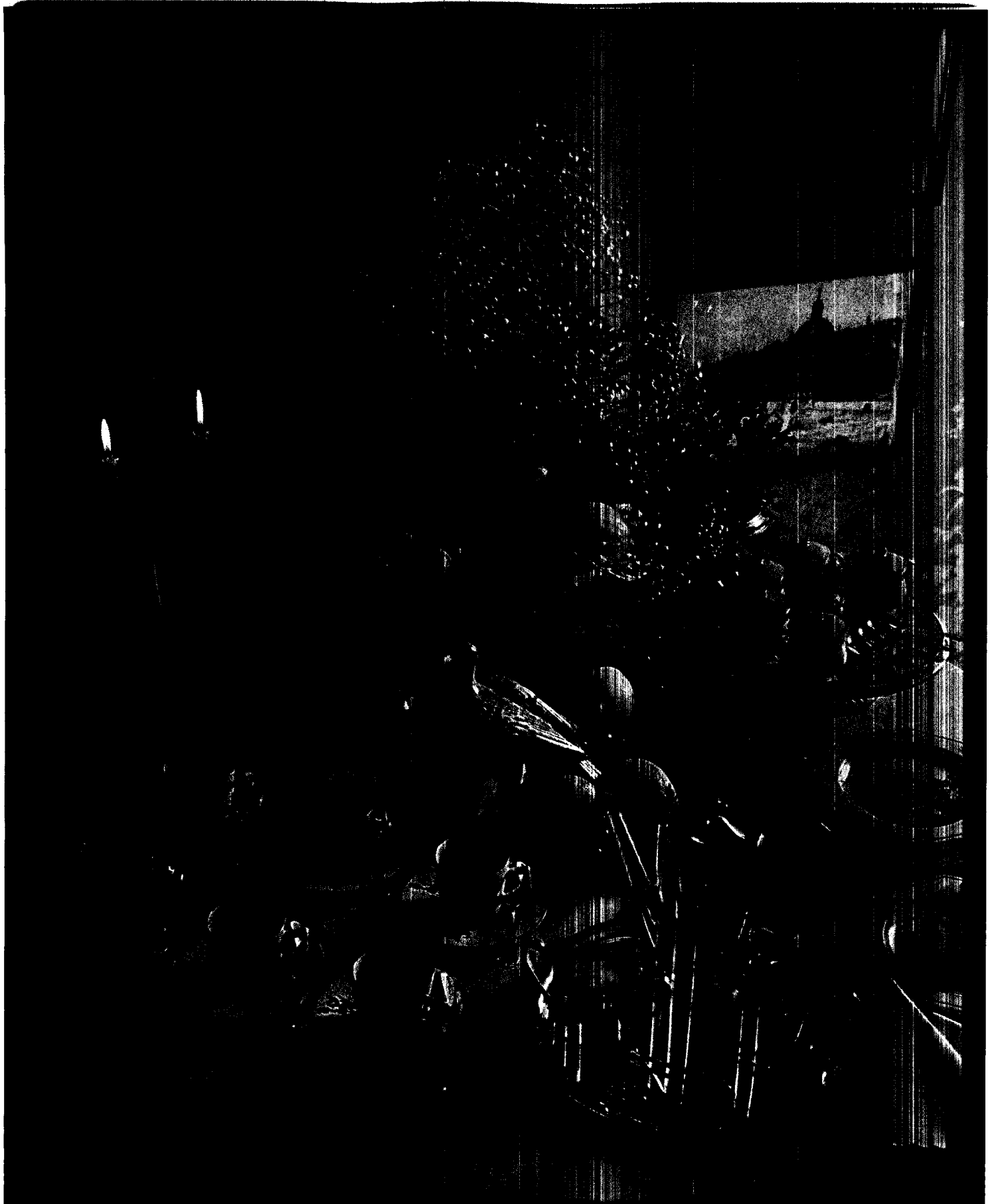

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What makes McCall's McCall's?

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What makes Metcalfe Metcalfe?

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48 "Overtaken by Events: The Dominican Crisis from the Fall of Trujillo to the Civil War," by John Bartlow Martin
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51 "The Merchant Bankers," by Joseph Wechsberg; "The House of Morgan," by Edwin P. Hoyt, Jr.
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54 "Two Views," by Uwe Johnson
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LITERARY HORIZONS

Something of Value from the South

JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON and Miller Williams, editors of *Southern Writing in the Sixties* (Louisiana State University Press, $7.50), introduce the volume with a militant, almost belligerent statement about life and literature in the South. "We believe there is a *sine qua non* for the South—there is a thing of the mind, a matter of character and a point of view—which marks a Southerner, which marks the best of the Southerners and used to mark more." Four qualities, they say, enter into the character of the South: 1) Most Southerners are religious, and their religion derives in large measure from Calvin. 2) Southerners as a rule are more acutely aware of their past than other Americans. 3) As a geographic entity, the South is a special place, and the nature of the place affects the character of the people. 4) The Southerner has a strong sense of "responsibility for his own actions, his own belief, his own fortunes and failures," and a strong loyalty to "his own family, friends, and neighbors."

Even if these generalizations are sound, which I am not quite prepared to admit, the South—as the editors dolefully remark—is changing. I suspect that the most important thing about the South is that its economy is still largely agricultural. I note, for instance, that the characters in most of the stories in this anthology live either on farms or in small towns. Of course the South has been affected by the industrial revolution and by all the revolutions that have followed, but there are still large areas in which something like the old life goes on, and it is to these areas, where some continuity with the past can be found, that most Southern writers turn. I for one don't blame them; let them make all they can of this world while it endures.

At any rate there has been and continues to be a vigorous literary life in the South. For their anthology Corrington and Williams have drawn upon Southern writers "who were not generally known before the Sixties." Of the nineteen contributors the one who has gained the largest reputation is Reynolds Price, and it seems to me that he is conspicuously the best of the bunch. Jesse Hill Ford, Guy Owen, John William Corrington, and others have also published books of some importance. A few of the stories are rather inept, but the average is high. Most of the contributors have academic connections—which is certainly not peculiar to the South.

Further evidence of Southern vitality is *Red Clay Reader 3*, a hardcover annual edited by Charleen Whisnant (Southern Review Corporation, Charlotte, N.C., $3). This issue contains nine short stories, several critical pieces, photographs and drawings. Most of the contributors are Southern, although I gather that contributions from North of the Mason-Dixon line are welcome.

One of the most effective stories is by Miller Williams, co-editor of *Southern Writing in the Sixties*. I also like the stories by Fred Chappell and Sylvia Wilkinson, and I am taken by a section from a novel in progress by William Trotter. There is a lively interview with Reynolds Price, and there is an extraordinary passage from a letter that Lillian Smith wrote not long before her death. By and large the poetry seems less successful than the prose fiction, but there are two or three poems that I plan to reread. I am grateful to Miss Whisnant for a copy of the *Reader*, and I wish her well.

The Southern Review, which flourished from 1935 to 1942 under Robert Penn Warren and others, was revived in 1964 and has now completed the second volume of the new series, under the editorship of Lewis Simpson and Donald Stanford. In spite of its name, the *Review* has never been parochial, and its editors have devoted a large part of the current (autumn 1966) issue to Robert Frost. There are also stories and poems, for the most part not written by Southerners, and there is an essay on the poetry of Thomas Hardy by Irving Howe.

The special section contains both critical essays on Frost's poetry and several reminiscences. W. W. Robson, an Englishman, offers a number of judgments of Frost that seem to me wrong-headed but suggestive. On the other hand, Richard Eberhart, himself a poet of high standing, comes as close to a balanced estimate of Frost's greatness as is possible today. The reminiscences are enlightening, especially those, such as Alexander Laing's, that do not leave Frost's more difficult moods out of account. In their introduction to *Southern Writing in the Sixties* Corrington and Williams suggest that there are some affinities between New England and the South, and although as a New Englander I am suspicious of generalizations about the New England character, I can see that there may be some truth in this. However, I am sure that Frost would have been pleased with recognition from Baton Rouge.

Despite my dissatisfaction with the explanation of the phenomenon offered

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by Corrington and Williams, I do grant that there is such a thing as Southern writing. When Walker Percy caught critical attention a few years ago with *The Moviegoer*, there could be no doubting that he came from the South, and *The Last Gentleman* (*SR*, June 18) is even more unmistakably Southern. Another resident of New Orleans, Peter Feibleman, makes use of the same area and the same mood in two of the stories in *Strangers and Graves* (*SR*, Dec. 3).

Then there are two remarkable first novels that, in completely different ways, illustrate the continuing vitality of Southern writing—Berry Morgan's *Pursuit* and Margaret Walker's *Jubilee*. Both authors, it is interesting to note, received Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowships. I have just caught up with these books, and I have little to add to what was said about them by *SR*'s reviewers, but I do want to call attention to them here as products of the South. *Jubilee*, as Abraham Chapman noted (*SR*, Sept. 24), is an old-fashioned historical novel, heavily documented and rather clumsily written; but it has something fresh to say about the Civil War, and the language of its principal characters, mostly Negro slaves, often rises into beauty. Berry Morgan writes out of what may be called a modern sensibility, and her portrayal of a strange father and a stranger son is subtle in ways that remind me of Eudora Welty and, for that matter, Walker Percy. David Hales (*SR*, Oct. 22) remarked that the novel moves at the pace of a detective story, and so it does; but its great triumph is in the creating of a mood.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1220

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1220 will be found in the next issue.

ET O BOR YIOMN BHSY CYOC O

VPBOR NOAN, NYI EN RPC FIOH-

CETHU. —YONWERN

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1219

Beggars should be abolished. It annoys one to give to them, and it annoys one not to give to them. —Nietzsche.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Sandmel Disputed

My former provost, Dr. Samuel Sandmel, and I differ considerably on the tone and impact of Cardinal Bea's treatise in *The Church and the Jewish People* [*SR*, Dec. 3]. Nowhere in the work is there a mention of the Church's involvement in the anti-Semitism of the last sixteen centuries—as if somehow Cardinal Bea were able to erase this level from the relationship of the Roman Catholic Church and the Jewish people. And nowhere does one find an explanation—however defensive—of the Church's official silence on the matter of European Jewry's systematic destruction. Yet, in two passages, the Cardinal reminds his readers of Jewish resistance to Christian missionary activity and of " . . . an unjust, if not positively violent, opposition to Christianity which . . . often accompanied such a refusal." Cardinal Bea's sense of history is strange to include such a datum to the exclusion of any mention of his Church's repeated incitement to violence against Jews, their synagogues, property, citizenship, etc. Since both are a matter of historical record, why the exclusion of one?

His opening premise, quoted by Dr. Sandmel, is both historically unsound and suspect, taking the Church quickly "off the hook": ". . . the painful phenomenon of anti-Semitism draws its sustenance neither principally nor exclusively from religious sources. Many other factors . . . enter into it." Yet, since the Church, by its own admission, has no interest in these "many other factors" (*viz.*, political, national, psychological, social and economic), why, then, the need for a Vatican II "Declaration on the Jewish People," and why the need for a commentary by Cardinal Bea? The plain, painful truth is that anti-Semitism has been and remains a problem of Christendom, and especially Roman Catholicism with its unfortunate and explicit teaching of Jewish involvement in the death of its founder. The Declaration has, to a degree, lessened the involvement from one in which the entire Jewish people participated—a patently hollow claim—to one in which only "the Jewish authorities and those who followed their lead" bear responsibility. Thus, Jesus's death at the hands of certain Jews—termed "authorities"—remains a teaching.

A relatively minor passage in Cardinal Bea's book serves to indicate his apologetic and less than honest defense of the Church. On p. 15f, we are told of the cult of Blessed Little Simon of Trent. Cardinal Bea informs us: "When, however, recent critical researches revealed certain contradictions in the acts of the process which, at least, raised doubts as to the fact of his murder by the Jews, the ecclesiastical authorities *did not hesitate* to acknowledge the error and to forbid the cult in question." (Italics mine.) The blood-accusation in the death of Simon of Trent was leveled in 1475, a mere 490 years to the promulgation of the Vatican II decree in question! The critical research referred to by Cardinal Bea was that of W. P. Eckert, published in *Studi Trentini di Scienze Storiche*, #44; 1915—a mere fifty years to the date of promulgation. . . . Yet, Cardinal Bea writes that the Church "did not hesitate" to rectify the error. When one considers either the 490-year or fifty-year figure, certainly one will conclude that the Church hesitated!

Stephen E. Weisberg,
Rabbi,
Temple Beth-El.
San Pedro, Calif.

Closest to Koine

I was surprised by your statement, "The most radical version of the New Testament that we know of is called . . . *Today's English Version* . . . prepared by the American Bible Society" [*SR*, Dec. 3]. There are, as a matter of fact, many much more radical versions, ranging from the *New English Bible New Testament*, heavily laced with British slang and wandering far afield from any relationship to the Greek text, although prepared under the auspices of several denominations in Great Britain, to a host of irresponsible commercial versions peddled by religious publishing houses and served up for the fundamentalist market. You can even obtain portions of the New Testament in the jargon of New York City street gangs.

The *Today's English Version* is not radical when one considers that the original New Testament was not written in classical Greek but in the koine Greek of the common man and the market place. The TEV, by avoiding the classical English of the King James and its revisers, and sticking to trade-language English, is really the most truly equivalent of all.

Donald Austin Dunkerley,
Pastor,
Hope United Presbyterian Church.
Tarrytown, N.Y.

She Wore Knee Breeches

I enjoyed Leon Edel's review of Harold Nicolson's *Diaries and Letters 1930-1939* [*SR*, Dec. 3], but in all the years I knew Lady Nicolson (V. Sackville-West)—and she read my first mss., when I was seven—I never ever saw her "lounged in slacks" at Sissinghurst. She was generally in her knee breeches with pruning knife stuck into her high stockings—and as for "lounging," she was never idle. She worked so many hours a day at her writing in the Towers, and then she gardened. Any spare time would generally find her listening to all the little things that her people (the workers) at Sissinghurst had to tell her. Their lives revolved around this wonderful, vital woman.

Gordon Langley Hall.
Charleston, S.C.

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Stars Fell on York State

THE ONLY trouble with the anthology of writings about New York State that Carl Carmer assembled under the title *The Tavern Lamps Are Burning* was, as some people thought at the time (1964), that it contained nothing by Carl Carmer. Obviously this was a case of modesty gone wrong, because no one ever has written better about New York State than he—an assertion I am prepared to defend by racing any dissenter across a tightrope above Niagara Falls, like the great Blondin long ago. Mr. Carmer, his admirers insisted, should have been no less self-effacing than, say, Oscar Williams when the latter included in his *A Little Treasury of Great Poetry* a poem of his own, right there between lines by a couple of stablemates named Alfred, Lord Tennyson and Edward FitzGerald.

But now Mr. Carmer has abundantly taken care of everything with his all-Carmer selection called *My Kind of Country* (McKay, $6.95), a title that could scarcely have been more appropriate. Carl Carmer's love affair with York State, as he likes to call it in the old-fashioned way, must have begun with his birth in Cortland, N. Y., and it certainly has gone on ardently ever since, although it was *Stars Fell on Alabama* that established his literary standing in 1934. Memorable as it remains, however, that book was essentially a sensitive visitor's journey into a foreign land, and, as it transpired, a warming-up exercise that forecast the style and certain narrative techniques he perfected in *Listen for a Lonesome Drum* (1936), *The Hudson* (1939), and *Dark Trees to the Wind* (1949). York State, more particularly Upstate New York, is where the Carmer heart is, and we all are the better for it, whether or not we know that country at firsthand. Because, as this gathering reminds us, Mr. Carmer is at the very top of his field among regional writers, and he is rather more as well.

He is a poet, a historian, a folklorist, a storyteller, something of a mystic, and frequently he is all five at once. You might never have been east of Wolf Point, Montana, and yet you could scarcely fail to feel the enchantment of Carmer's evocation of the Hudson River in that era when the well-to-do dwelt comfortably in octagon houses along its shores, or of Cooperstown when the irascible James Fenimore Cooper irritated his fellow citizens in that quietly charming town, or of Lake Champlain when Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne came parading down from the north in full panoply on the way to disaster at Saratoga. If those random citations suggest that Mr. Carmer goes back chiefly to famous names in New York State history, the truth is that he is concerned mostly with ordinary folk, along with some old ducks who were hardly ordinary—the stories they told, the songs they sang, and what they did and said and believed. This, in the Carmer view, is the stuff of history, and his mastery of its presentation has long since assured him of his place in American letters.

That is to say, while the literature of the Erie Canal is certainly extensive, in a short piece about that historic waterway Carmer says more than most have done about the rousing pride felt by those to whom the Canal was a way of life and a source of legend. Occasionally he has seen for himself a legend in the making, as in "The Whooper Swan of Olivebridge," in which, it would rather convincingly appear, a deceased friend of his returned in feathered form. Carmer is also fairly certain that he may have seen a ghost on a street in Dobbs Ferry. There is reason to suspect that a couple of wraiths drop in now and then at the old octagon house which he and his wife occupy at Irvington-on-Hudson.

And here, speaking of ghosts, is the haunting "Lavender Evening Dress" from *Dark Trees*. If you share his belief in "the psychic effect of landscape," you have to believe every word of it, and why not? Strange things have happened in wonder-touched York State. Here the Shakers flourished, to the degree that a nonreproducing cult can be said to flourish. It was on a hill outside Palmyra that Joseph Smith professed to have found the golden Book of Mormon. Hardheaded Upstate farmers will tell you that "drumbeats punctuate the windless air above the Finger Lakes on certain magic days, though no living person has ever beheld the instrument or its player."

Our folklorist is also a digger and researcher, as witness his saga of the Fowler clan that set the phrenology madness going in the first half of the nineteenth century, and reaped a bountiful fiscal harvest even into the twentieth. And who but Mr. Carmer, one wonders, would have reached back to restore in such detail the curious life of Andrew Jackson Downing, the "Hudson River Esthete," who so greatly influenced American landscaping and architecture? Or recount, with such sympathy and indignation, the story of an old Cayuga chief's long, hopeless fight to force the Canadian government to honor a treaty made during the reign of George III?

As a sort of free-wheeling reporter Carmer goes to Goshen to interview an old-time driver of the trotters, and to the Adirondacks to study the craft of a professional rattlesnake hunter. As for those aforementioned odd ducks, he writes of them with the easy, affectionate good humor of the remarkable raconteur that he is—one of the rare ones who write as they talk. The Mad Poet of Broadway, MacDonald Clarke, who was the companion of Cooper and Fitz-Greene Halleck and died for love, can thank Mr. Carmer for keeping his name alive in a time that honors poets not distinctly his superior, and so can the

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eccentric sexton of New York's Grace Church, Isaac Hull Brown, who knew how to keep a highly social congregation in its place.

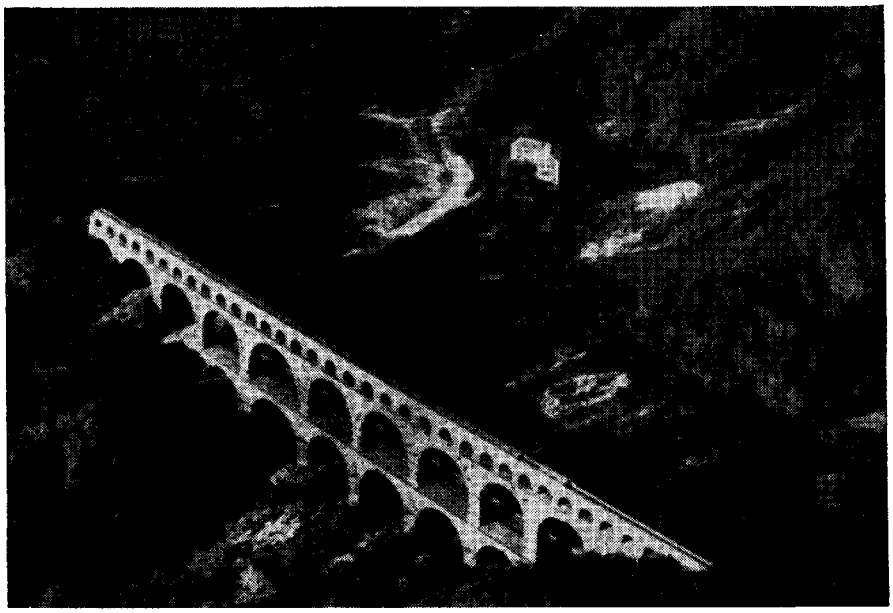
Here and there are some items that may be new even to veteran Carmer readers. From the Hamilton College *Alumni Review* comes a memoir of his Hamilton classmate (Class of 1914) John V. A. Weaver, a pioneering poet in the American vernacular who died too young, and, from the same periodical, a portrait of Melanchthon Woolsey Stryker, the fiercely individualistic president of that proudly individualistic little college in the Carmer-Weaver days.

INEVITABLY, those veteran readers will regret certain omissions. If one may be so impertinent as to suggest to a writer that he should have selected one thing rather than another from among his own works, I would have included "The Last Time I Saw Lon Whiteman," from *Dark Trees*, a stirring account of one of the great confidence men in American history, a Hamilton man (Class of 1881) who has had no peer, I venture to say, among the alumni of any other institution; and "The Cardiff Giant," from *Lonesome Drum*. If it was a question of space, either could have sat in for an untypical Carmer piece, a profile of Fiorello La Guardia that doesn't tell the reader more about the Little Flower than he was likely to have known before.

There is, of course, no reason why those who are now being introduced to Carl Carmer cannot go back and browse for themselves in *Dark Trees* and *Lonesome Drum*, both of which have been reissued in paperback by his present publisher, and *The Hudson*, perhaps the best of the Rivers of America series, and his early volumes of verse, *French Town* and *Deep South*, where they will find that his poetic gift, represented in these pages by such delicate lyrics as "Song for Orleans County" and "Boy Reading," has done much to give the body of his work its tone.

In any case, there is more than enough in this Carmer self-selection to hold its readers, old and new, as one must be held by the kind of narrative artist the Upstate boy became following a childhood rich in family love and lore. Do I hear somebody saying that, considering New York State's stunning variety, its long history, exciting topography, bustling cities, and lonely countrysides, a writer exploring it really should not have had too many problems? That all he had to do was choose his fields of interest and go to work? The fact remains that no one has done it as Mr. Carmer has, that on his home grounds, all the way from Manhattan to the North Country looking over into Canada, there has been no one like him.

—JOHN K. HUTCHENS.



—*From the book.*

Roman aqueduct in Gaul—an "obsession with war and with order."

The Caesars' Last Stand

The Mask of Jove: A History of Graeco-Roman Civilization from the Death of Alexander to the Death of Constantine, *by Stringfellow Barr (Lippincott. 598 pp. $15), analyzes and interprets the Roman Empire through close examination of the lives of seven key figures. Orville Prescott was for many years book critic of the New York Times.*

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

SOMETIMES it seems as if there were as many ways of writing history as there are of writing tribal lays. In every generation new histories are written of old subjects, incorporating the findings of recent scholarship and reflecting the emotional and political climate of the moment. And individual historians delight in different points of emphasis and in different personal interpretations. It it fitting as well as inevitable that contemporary historians should write with one eye on their major topic and one on the tempests and torments of our own time.

Stringfellow Barr, who has been president of St. John's College and professor of humanities at Rutgers University, writes of the ancient Mediterranean world with awesome learning and constant preoccupation with the moral failures and political follies that destroyed the last, best hope of the Greeks and Romans. Five years ago his majestic history of Greece, *The Will of Zeus*, was published. Its sequel, *The Mask of Jove*, is a history of Rome which is also a history of Greek culture as it influenced Rome and as it was transformed by Romans.

This long, solid, stately, and continuously interesting work is an impressive achievement. Never intended as a basic history, it ignores much with which educated readers should in theory be familiar, and would best be approached as a supplement to and a commentary on simpler, more directly chronological accounts. Mr. Barr does maintain a continuous narrative, but only on his own terms. He has selected seven key individuals for extended discussion and has described the events of their times through their lives and the ideas for which they stood. These seven men are Cicero, Augustus, Jesus, Paul, Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, Diocletian, and Constantine.

Each of these figures is the subject of a brilliant essay in which Mr. Barr roams at length across the concurrent state of civilization in the ancient world, interpreting and analyzing political, military, moral, economic, literary, and artistic affairs. In the process he quotes copiously from the famous Latin and Greek writers of the time, and from many obscure authors known only to scholars. Mr. Barr's reflections are always inter-

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esting and often provocative. His quotations are frequently fascinating.

But such a method of writing history means that many celebrated personages are granted short shrift. Julius Caesar himself is mentioned only briefly, and many others are merely referred to in passing. One century is covered in a few pages, but with concise brilliance: "Between the death of Marcus Aurelius in 180 and the accession of Diocletian in 285 . . . thirty-two emperors reigned. Of these thirty-two emperors, only two certainly died a natural death."

Commenting on the chaos and slaughter of the third century, Mr. Barr says: "Back of the monotonous violence . . . lay the fact that Rome's habit of conquest, which enabled her to take over first peninsular Italy and finally the many peoples and great wealth that Augustus controlled, had become a sort of reflex action. Rome had gobbled up many countries; and once the habit of violence and the respect for force and the love of pillage had been thwarted by the sea or the desert or by the uninviting poverty of Barbaria, the Roman Empire started gobbling up itself."

Mr. Barr always keeps in mind the Romans' obsession with war and with order. Their obsession with war had won them an empire and wealth. Their concern for order had been the source of the great system of Roman law, which, Mr. Barr thinks, has been vastly overpraised. Roman law was rooted in injustice. The wealthy and the poor received different punishments for the same crimes. Far more than under any subsequent legal system, the law was conceived of as a bulwark for property. And it permitted and even approved of many monstrous cruelties.

The privileged top layer of society became corrupt and depraved several centuries before the fall of Roman power. How much this decadence hastened Rome's decline the author does not attempt to estimate. He is content to discuss the many contributing factors, among them the loss of faith in the state religion and in the legal system, the economic and population decline, plagues.

The Mask of Jove is a magisterial work that requires prolonged attention and rewards it.

A Government for the People

Miracle at Philadelphia: The Story of the Constitutional Convention, May to September 1787, *by Catherine Drinker Bowen (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 346 pp. $7.50), tells of the problems, many of them still with us, that wracked the writers of the U.S. Constitution. Margaret L. Coit of the Fairleigh Dickinson University faculty is co-author of "The Growing Years," a book on the post-Colonial period in America.*

By MARGARET L. COIT

IN HER lucid, enlightening *Miracle at Philadelphia* Catherine Drinker Bowen does not attempt to break new ground or to enter into academic controversy. Her purpose is to transmute intellectual dialogue into drama, to call up the voices, the sounds, the look and the feel of times past, and to tell an old story zestfully, as if it had never been told before. It is an account of conciliation rather than conflict, of "the grace and glory of compromise, sitting on Washington's shoulder like the dove." And it is told without bias, except for the one shared by Washington and Mrs. Bowen, that what happened at Philadelphia was truly a miracle.

The miracle was threefold. The personalities were at variance, their problems were immense, their interests clashed. Already the twangy, spare-spoken New Englanders were "damned Yankee" to Southerners, while to Northerners gun-carrying Kentuckians might have come from another planet. The interests of North and South, declared South Carolina's Pierce Butler, were virtually those of separate nations. To many their state was their country. Town-meeting villages in New England wanted no governor but "the Goviner of the Univarse." The so-called "league of friendship," the Articles of Confederation, was tarined to the breaking point. Taxes went uncollected and debts were unpai. The situation, as Washington and Madison saw it, was too serious for despair. Both Washington and young Hamilton realzied that America had achieved continental dimension and must begoverned accordingly; the question was how.

Mrs. Bowen makes it clear that many of the problems that wracked the Constitution-makers yesterday are still with us today. How federal was our government? How sovereign the states? Should, or could, state lines have been abolished? (Here the Constitution-makers ran up against the difference between what should have been and what could be. State lines, as recent election returns from the South have indicated, will not vanish very easily.) Could we have two supreme coordinate powers in one? Could representative government stretch across a continent? And, returning to the most troublesome of questions, how could sovereign states be combined with an effective federal government?

In the murky heat, ranged before green-covered tables in the State House at Philadelphia, they deliberated. Most of them were upper middle class, although many were land-poor. They feared the leveling influence of mass democracy, rowdyism, and violence. Yet their concern was not for themselves alone. Throughout, their thought, fervently voiced, was for the freedom and happiness of the people at large, people who must feel themselves a part of the new government. Throughout, their concern was for the posterity who would judge whether their work had been good.

Mrs. Bowen calls them forth: Dr. Franklin, wise, mellow, and moderate; Washington, in whose silence lay his strength; Madison, with his foresight and formidable learning; Hamilton, "nostrils and mouth sensitive as in a blooded horse," who foresaw the vast, urban America we know today. We see and hear the ironic Gouverneur Morris, the pernickety Elbridge Gerry, the slovenly, ranting Luther Martin, and the bespectacled James Wilson, "unsung hero of the Federal Convention," his mind "one blaze of light." For it was Wilson who overcame the fears of a single vigorous executive. It was Wilson who saw no reason why men should enjoy any less freedom under a national government, who warned, when fearful men wondered if the wild states to the West should be admitted on terms of equality, that the majority must govern in all cases. Both he and Roger Sherman sensed that the West might one day be the population center, that their children and grandchildren might well be Westerners. Sherman, silent and shrewd, honest yet convincing, is another of Mrs. Bowen's heroes. For it was he who saved the convention with his idea that the vote be counted two ways, by states and by individuals.

The question of representation was the rock upon which the Convention nearly shattered. Franklin besought divine aid. Washington's face assumed the look it wore at Valley Forge. The question was: should representation be proportional? The small states insisted, as they do today, that with proportional representation a few large states would control the nation. Whether or not the so-called Great Compromise, making the states forever equal in the Senate, was right, it is certain that the Convention would have broken up without it. Like-

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wise, it would have broken up, with no constitution and no government, had it outlawed slavery. The Convention's job was not to reform society, but to form a government for society as it existed.

It is at this high point in her story that Mrs. Bowen pauses to conduct us on a tour of the states, with their "slaughtered trees" and immensity of free land for the taking, where poverty like that in Europe seemed unknown and almost everyone could read. Yet she dispels nostalgia for the good old days with an acrid account of the then "modern" medicine, which was agonizing and revolting, and of the contaminated wells and the filth thrown into the streets.

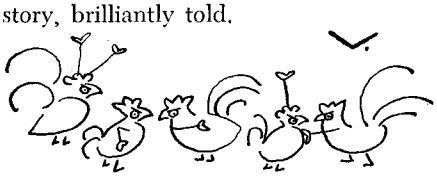
To this vast country of Indians and forest, chaos and dreams, the new constitution was about to be submitted. As the Convention was winding to an end the men looked their last on the big clock and on the aged Franklin in his sedan chair. They had defeated drives to make aliens less than citizens. They had rejected religious tests for officeholders, thus paving the way for a John Kennedy. The Convention stylist wrote "We the people" as a gesture of tact; he could not name states that in the end might not be bound by the constitution. The "Supreme Law of the Land" was right out of Magna Charta.

There is no letdown in Mrs. Bowen's account of the ratification; these chapters are as tense and dramatic as any in the book. The battle was touch and go. It was coast against back country, old states against new. In New York it was sheer politics, and here Hamilton fought with almost superhuman persistence.

In Massachusetts, with its town-meeting tradition and its veterans of Shays's Rebellion sitting in convention, the tide was turned by a blunt-spoken plow-jogger, Jonathan Smith, from the Berkshire hills; but the vote was terribly close. In Virginia that "overwhelming torrent" Patrick Henry was the nerve-center of the opposition; ranged with him were Colonel Lee, Benjamin Harrison, and James Monroe. Their cry, as in Massachusetts, was for a Bill of Rights.

The constitution-makers had seen no need for spelling out the natural rights of man, but this turned out to be the condition for ratification. From offstage the voices of Jefferson and Adams sounded in approval. Edmund Randolph, who would not sign without amendments, now led and won the battle in Virginia. In the end, even the dissidents went home to urge support of "The United States of America."

Mrs. Bowen has given us a fascinating story, brilliantly told.



Democracy vs. Dictator's Ghost

Overtaken by Events: The Dominican Crisis from the Fall of Trujillo to the Civil War, *by John Bartlow Martin (Doubleday. 821 pp. $7.95), reveals how the ghost of "El Benefactor" continues to haunt the nation he enslaved. Dan Kurzman, winner of the George Polk Memorial Award for newspaper reports on the Dominican revolution, is the author of "Santo Domingo: Revolt of the Damned" and other books.*

By DAN KURZMAN

IN 1962, President Kennedy sent John Bartlow Martin on one of the most difficult ambassadorial assignments ever undertaken by a United States diplomat in Latin America. Martin was given the task of guiding the transformation of the Dominican Republic, which had writhed for thirty-one years under the terroristic dictatorship of Rafael Trujillo, into a model Latin American democracy.

The Dominican Republic, on the surface at least, seemed to offer a unique opportunity for constitutional experimentation. For within a few months following the assassination of Trujillo in 1961 his whole totalitarian structure had disintegrated.

On the one hand, the Dominicans, after three decades of unrelieved suppression, longed for democracy more than the people of most Latin American nations. On the other, since the Trujillo family owned some 70 per cent of the nation's wealth, this wealth could now be put at the service of the people.

Furthermore, because of Kennedy's role in ridding the country of the hated family—its efforts to cling to power after the dictator's assassination were frustrated by the appearance offshore of United States warships—America was extremely popular among the Dominicans.

But for all these advantages, Martin soon discovered that the death of a dictatorship did not automatically mean the birth of a democracy, particularly when the dictatorship had been as all-pervasive as Trujillo's. In his book, *Overtaken by Events*, Martin describes this realization in fascinating and minute detail that sometimes reads like a surrealistic novel about a vast mental institution.

Trujillo was dead, it was true, but his ghost would not die. Dominicans who worked with him or for him—that is, most of the population—were tormented with guilt feelings, and their sons with a gnawing shame conducive to rebellious Leftist and ultra-nationalist attitudes. Military officers, trained to kill and steal for the dictator, now killed and stole for themselves. Rightist businessmen and politicians saw Trujillo's death as an opportunity to grasp for themselves the national wealth so long hoarded by his family. Democratic leaders understandably reacted to the years of extreme suppression with plans for flawless democracy. Almost no one had the least administrative experience in the wake of an anti-Trujilloist purge.

From all this the Communists hoped to profit, though, ironically, they were also the victims of Trujillo's ghost. They had developed no leaders of stature and were feared by most Dominicans as a new threat to the recently found freedom they savored like people suddenly released from prison.

It was largely through Martin's unrelenting efforts that a free election was finally held in 1962 despite innumerable plots by would-be dictators to thwart it. Juan Bosch, an idealistic, reformist democrat, came to power, and Martin helped to nurse him through crisis after crisis in the face of Rightist efforts to oust him. After seven months, however, Bosch was overthrown, and a military-controlled government took over.

But if Bosch was not an ideal president—and no president can be adequately judged after seven months in office, particularly under the circumstances that existed in the Dominican Republic—he had given his nation a rare, fleeting moment of freedom. It was enough to instill a revolutionary spirit in a people long conditioned to fear and submission.

In April 1965 this spirit gave vent to violence, supported by followers of both Bosch and current President Joaquín Balaguer, which resulted in the felling of the de facto government and might well have eliminated the power of the Trujilloist military if U.S. troops had not been landed to halt the revolution.

Martin was sent back to the Dominican Republic to explore the way to peace after the U.S. Embassy had burned its bridges to the rebels by vigorously backing the military. In his book he confirms with remarkable candor what correspondents had reported: Ambassador W. Tapley Bennett had made intervention inevitable by rejecting a rebel

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request the day before the first marine landings that he mediate a peace agreement. Furthermore, Martin says, the Embassy had been poorly informed about the political feeling in the country. It was not Bosch as an individual whom the rebels necessarily wanted, Martin states quite accurately. They wanted a restoration of constitutional government, and Bosch happened to be the constitutional president.

Martin, however, reiterates the charge he made two days after he arrived—which sparked a similar accusation by President Johnson—that the Communists had taken control of the revolution. But he offers little more evidence in his book than he did originally for this charge, which rebels felt, not unreasonably, "smeared" a democratic revolution.

Interestingly, Martin includes in the appendix of his book an article that appeared in the *World Marxist Review* in which two Dominican Communist leaders lament that the Communists had nothing to do with the revolutionary planning, did not even join the fighting until it was in an advanced stage, and never came close to grabbing control of the rebel forces from "Rightist" leadership.

But Martin states otherwise, and to make his point appears to rely principally on questionable, sometimes McCarthyite implications. "In all my time in the Dominican Republic," he writes, "I met no man who I thought might become a Dominican Castro—until I met [rebel chief Colonel Francisco] Caamano [Deno]." Yet members of the peacemaking team of the Organization of American States, who dealt with Caamano daily, regarded him as one of the most moderate leaders on either side.

Aside from President Johnson, Martin is the only U.S. official to have ever stated flatly in public that the Communists controlled the revolution. Oddly, the same Martin, during and after Bosch's rule, maintained that people who charged that the régime had been Communist-influenced were prone to see a "Communist under every bed." The first part of his book, apparently completed before the revolution, reads as if it were written by an author having almost nothing in common with the writer of the second part.

In his tenacious ambassadorial struggle to keep constitutionalism alive, Martin worked day and night cajoling and pleading with potential coupmakers to give democracy a chance, going much further in this endeavor, the book makes clear, than the State Department, which was lukewarm in its support of Bosch. When Bosch's fall appeared inevitable, Martin virtually begged the stubborn Dominican leader to crack down hard on his enemies, lawfully or otherwise. This effort was capped with supreme irony when Bosch, in a moral decision utterly foreign to Latin American political tradition, replied that he could not compromise his constitutional principles—even to save the constitution.

After Bosch's fall Martin continued his fight. He urged Washington to suspend diplomatic relations and economic aid until some form of constitutionalism was restored. But the de facto Dominican government responded with a cry that the Communists were threatening—it encouraged a handful of far Leftists and non-Communist nationalists to engage in guerrilla warfare—then, after Washington gave in, easily captured and killed the guerrillas, who were no longer useful as instruments of blackmail.

Martin finally concluded that the United States had reached the limit of its power to influence another country. Though one might think that the Dominicans needed the United States more than the United States needed them, the Rightists knew well how to exploit this nation's unfailing diplomatic weakness in underdeveloped countries—its Communist phobia. Martin was a tamed, broken man.

It was this man who returned to the Dominican Republic in early 1965 and suddenly saw Communists everywhere. It was this man who selected Antonio Imbert, so thoroughly castigated throughout the first part of the book for his antidemocratic mentality, as the leader of a new "democratic" government.

Martin brooded over his apparent failure to fulfill President Kennedy's aim of a Dominican democracy, too shattered to perceive that the revolution, in a sense, represented the fruit of his own teachings, with most rebels motivated by a fanatical desire for realization of that very aim. Nor could he, in his despairing, self-doubting state of mind, fail President Johnson in his later task, however independent-minded he intended to be and thought that he was. He did his best to lend credibility to the United States's military intervention—a tragic victim, like the Dominican people he loved, of the Trujillo curse.

Reminiscence of a Braintruster

The First New Deal, *by Raymond Moley, with the assistance of Elliot A. Rosen (Harcourt, Brace & World. 577 pp. $ 12.50), presents an inside report on the early days of the Roosevelt Administration. Donald Young is the author of "American Roulette," a history of the Vice-Presidency.*

By DONALD YOUNG

NOT SO long ago, on one of the independent television stations in New York where political forums alternate with re-runs of last season's network turkeys, a question currently at issue was being pondered by the moderator and his guests. When Raymond Moley was quoted in behalf of some proposition, the moderator airily dismissed the speaker with the comment that Moley was "a bitter old man."

Presumably bitter old men should not be listened to with the respect due, say, to angry young ones. Professor Moley, at eighty, wouldn't deny that he is old. But the man who wrote Franklin Roosevelt's proclamation that "This generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny," and who made his own rendezvous with Barry Goldwater three decades later, has not written a bitter book. True, one finds here severe criticisms of two or three colleagues, and a good deal of despair at his own failure to prevent the Democratic Party from wandering off the course that he wished it to follow. Nonetheless, Moley has written—with the aid of Elliot A. Rosen—a magnificent, incisive, inside report of the political and economic events of 1933. Professor Frank Freidel of Harvard has contributed the foreword.

MOLEY'S association with Franklin Roosevelt began in 1931, when FDR, then Governor of New York, named Moley, a professor of government at Columbia, to the Commission on the Administration of Justice in the State of New York. In 1932 Roosevelt sought the Presidency. He tapped Moley to head a Brain Trust of college professors who would help him grapple with political issues – largely economic – that had stumped the incumbent Hoover Administration and left it vulnerable in the midst of a depression. Moley signed on "not only because I believed in him and his cause, but to enrich my own knowledge of the art of politics." Not merely a speechwriter, Moley was Roosevelt's principal adviser on policy during much of 1932 and 1933. The Brain Trust itself was dissolved after Roosevelt's election. Moley served as Assistant Secretary of State for six months in 1933, continued to counsel Roosevelt unofficially until 1936, then broke with the President.

In 1939 Moley wrote *After Seven*

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Years, one of the earliest firsthand accounts of the New Deal. Now, in *The First New Deal*, he goes over much of the same ground, but in greater detail and with more perspective. This book almost certainly completes the eyewitness record of Roosevelt's momentous first year in office. It is unlikely that any of his associates who still survive will say much more. Moley's collaboration with Rosen, an associate professor of history at Rutgers, is highly successful. Despite its impressive documentation the book remains—as it should—a personal account.

Roosevelt, says Moley, possessed in 1932 and 1933 "a lovable humility" and "a broad streak of idealism . . . . I could not have worked with a man more kind, more considerate, and more of a friend . . . ." He never knew Roosevelt to read a serious book; the President learned by listening, but Moley doubts "that either Roosevelt or I could have passed an examination such as is required of college students in elementary economics." The President's inability to master the details of complex economic matters is suggested over and over again.

Relations between Hoover and President-elect Roosevelt, long a subject of debate, are recounted here. Moley tells of the meeting he attended on November 22, 1932, with Hoover, Roosevelt, and Secretary of the Treasury Ogden Mills, which dealt with the requests by England and France for a postponement of their next war debt payment. Moley wrote of this meeting in 1939, but he now draws on the diaries of Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson and the memoirs of Hoover to shed new light on the patterns of distrust and caution that prevented Roosevelt and Hoover from acting in concert. Before the inauguration, internationally-minded Democrats and Republicans sought to draw Roosevelt into the maelstrom of international diplomacy and power politics. Moley's efforts to keep FDR's attention on preparations for critically needed domestic programs were but partially successful.

The banking crisis of February-March 1933 is treated at length. Moley discusses the ramshackle banking system that began to collapse in the face of the business contraction of the 1930s. Hoover's last days in office were marked by drift and despair as depositors lined up at tellers' windows. Hoover called on Roosevelt to tell the country that he would pursue reassuring policies. But Roosevelt was not about to embrace Republican financial policy. Fearful that a Democratic Congress would rebuff his move to declare a bank holiday, Hoover again sought Roosevelt's support, in vain. Moley finds that Roosevelt's excuse for his tardiness in even responding to Hoover's plea was "palpably flimsy."

Meanwhile subordinates on both sides, including Moley and the incoming and outgoing Secretaries of the Treasury, labored almost around the clock for a week. After his inauguration, Roosevelt relied on the experienced Hoover team, which had been frustrated by Hoover's indecision, to help surmount the crisis. An astute observer of events in Washington once wrote that no one would ever put together to everyone's satisfaction the story of the banking crisis. Moley accepts the challenge. Any history written by a participant must be read warily. But any historian who chooses to rebut Moley must do what he and Rosen have done: pore over an enormous collection of letters, diaries, and other materials, mostly unpublished.

The facts, essentially, are that FDR proclaimed a bank holiday, citing an obscure provision in the Trading with the Enemy Act. Congress passed, and the President signed, bills granting him new powers over currency and banking and permitting him to effect widespread economies. Roosevelt's first fireside chat helped restore public confidence before the banks reopened.

Moley weaves a dramatic behind-the-scenes account. It is occasionally tedious, but there are flashes of human interest: Roosevelt reluctant to proclaim the bank holiday on Sunday because he might dampen the religious fervor stirring the country after his inaugural address; Secretary of the Treasury William Woodin, strumming on his guitar and suddenly inspired to issue more Federal Reserve notes rather than scrip because the former "will be money that looks like money"; Carter Glass, the venerable Senator, lecturing the abusive Huey Long on the Federal Reserve System.

No chapter will interest historians more than that dealing with Roosevelt's first inaugural address. Students of the period have speculated about who helped write it. Moley describes in detail how he prepared the first draft on the basis of notes jotted down during a lengthy conversation with FDR. Roosevelt then rewrote this draft. Louis McHenry Howe later contributed the phrase "the only thing we have to fear is fear itself," which he probably picked up from a department store ad in a newspaper. Moley impishly debunks the theory that Thoreau inspired that famous phrase.

A banking disaster having been averted, Roosevelt attacked other economic ills. Explaining the fury of The Hundred Days, Moley observes that

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

PICK A WORD

Harold Helfer of Silver Spring, Md., gives you three words from which to choose in order to complete each quotation correctly. Check your quote quotient on page 52.

1. Maurice Chevalier: "There is no such thing as a pretty good _____." (*girl, omelet, performance*)
2. André Maurois: "When you become used to never being alone, you may consider yourself _____." (*successful, Americanized, adaptable*)
3. Carl Sandburg: "I won't take my _____ from any man who never works except with his mouth." (*religion, art, instruction*)
4. James M. Whistler: "An artist's career always begins _____." (*inauspiciously, tomorrow, unconsciously*)
5. George Meredith: "_____ will be the last thing civilized by man." (*man, woman, superstition*)
6. Mark Twain: "There's always something about your _____ that displeases even your best friend." (*success, attire, contentment*)
7. Napoleon: "I wish _____ wouldn't admit any woman under fifty." (*convents, salons, taverns*)
8. G. B. Shaw: "Every man over forty is a _____." (*has-been, capitalist, scoundrel*)
9. Winston Churchill: "The empires of the future are the empires of the _____." (*mind, strong, universe*)
10. Henry Adams: "They know enough who know how to _____." (*suffer, imagine, learn*)
11. Lewis E. Lawes: "Never give up on a man until he has failed at something he _____." (*endured, liked, challenged*)
12. Disraeli: "There is no happiness without _____." (*patriotism, character, action*)

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"in a civilization that is tied together by modern conditions each part is dependent upon all others. If agriculture suffers, the market for industry is constricted," and so on. But he scoffs at those who find some pervasive ideology in the New Deal, which he says "became a composite of the remedies proposed by five distinct groups": traditionalists who favored solutions such as government economy, money managers who would control prices and economic tides by altering money values, the "regulators" and trust-busters from the Progressive era, the advocates of economic planning by the government, and exponents of government ownership.

Moley makes several points about the legislation of The Hundred Days. It was not the result of a predetermined, overall plan; few of the measures originated in the White House; the Seventy-third Congress was no rubber stamp; the measures, collectively, did not constitute a "revolution"; most of the laws were experimental or temporary; Roosevelt pushed some measures to prevent Congress from passing more radical legislation, and most of the laws were drastically revised within two years.

Moley describes sympathetically the desperate efforts by Hugh Johnson to get the blue eagle of the National Recovery Administration off the ground. Johnson and his enthusiastic, amateurish employees put on a show unrivaled "since Peter the Hermit and others incited the Crusades."

The London Economic Conference of 1933, that hopeless fiasco with which Moley was so intimately involved, is discussed. The author's version, spanning 100 pages, necessarily moves with all the speed of a chess game played by mail. After shuffling through a mass of cables, memoranda, declarations, etc., the average reader will be wearily ready to acquiesce in Moley's conclusion (stated most tersely in a footnote, oddly enough) that "the responsibility for the failure in London cannot be charged to the delegation or the advisers in London, New York, and Washington. History has quite properly placed the responsibility for the debacle upon the President. . . ."

Delegates from sixty-six countries met in London in June with disparate objectives. The gold bloc wanted to restore the international gold standard. Secretary of State Cordell Hull hoped to cut tariffs (a goal not shared by most American delegates). British Prime Minister J. Ramsay MacDonald wanted concessions on war debts. Roosevelt, listening from afar, feared that the conference might adopt some policy such as rigid monetary stabilization that would jeopardize U.S. economic recovery.

As the conference floundered, Roosevelt dispatched Moley to London to

(*Continued on page* 58)

The Fine Art of Making Money

The Merchant Bankers, *by Joseph Wechsberg (Little, Brown. 365 pp. $6.95), and* ***The House of Morgan,*** *by Edwin P. Hoyt, Jr. (Dodd, Mead. 428 pp. $6.95), chronicle the rise to power of some fabled families in the world of finance. Author Edward Streeter is a former vice president of the Bank of New York.*

By EDWARD STREETER

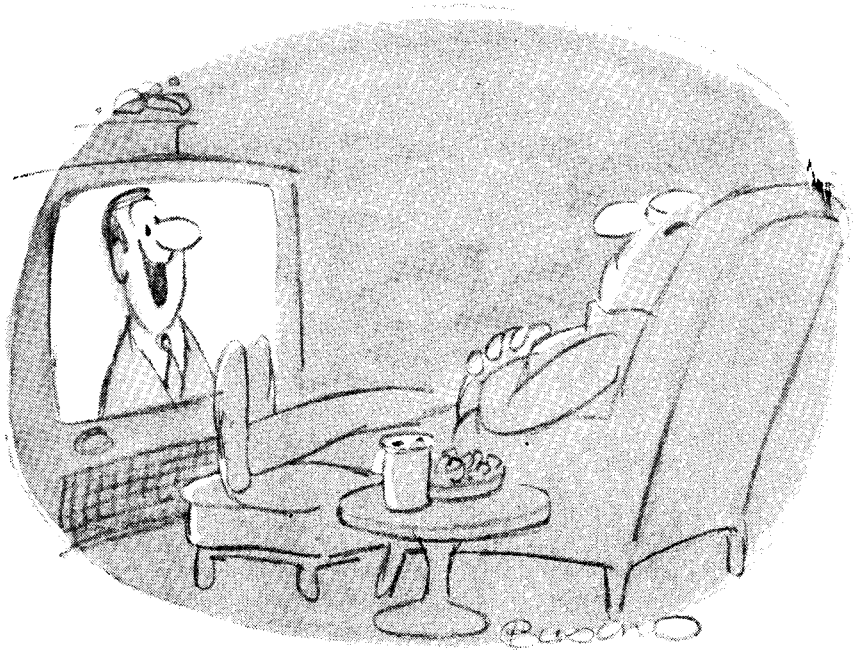
THESE two books are of particular interest because they deal with those once all-powerful and already almost legendary figures, the private bankers of England, Europe, and the United States, and they manage to do so from quite opposite points of view.

Oddly enough, although the merchant bankers and their merchant banks are a British institution, most of the founders of today's British merchant banks came from the Continent: the Barings from Bremen, the Rothschilds from Frankfurt, the Schroders and the Warburgs from Hamburg, the Brandts from St. Petersburg, and the Lazards from Alsace. There are many others.

The term "merchant banker" is relatively unknown in the United States. Indeed, it seems to be something of a mystery to the average British citizen; and, according to Joseph Wechsberg, the merchant bankers, who are rather proud of this, have no desire to change the situation.

Of the sixteen true merchant banking houses in London (those who belong to the Accepting Houses Committee), all but two were set up before the end of the nineteenth century, and some were in business during the eighteenth. Almost all of them started as merchants or in a business only indirectly related to banking: the Barings in textiles, the Hambros in foodstuffs, the Rothschilds as money-changers in the ghetto, the Warburgs in silver. It was only as their businesses grew and prospered that it became profitable for them to finance their customers through loans and acceptances and gradually allow the mercantile end of the business to pass into other hands. The transition frequently took a century or more; a few achieved it in a generation.

The great majority of the London merchant bankers are located in what is known as the City of London, commonly referred to as "the City" with a respectful capital "C." Here, in an area of roughly one square mile, laced with narrow streets bearing Dickensian names like Threadneedle, Bishopsgate, Cheapside, Old Jewry, Lombard, and Poultry, are situated the Bank of England, the London Stock Exchange (9,500 issues),



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the Lord Mayor's Mansion House, Lloyd's, Temple Bar, the commodity markets, and the big commercial banks. One does not have to take a taxi in the City.

And here, adds Mr. Wechsberg, "nothing is made but money. . . Actually the City is a vast artists' workshop where people have developed the making of money into a fine modern art." To an American it seems typically British that the City should be dominated by "quaint rules and bizarre customs which everybody observes and no one takes seriously" and yet no one would dream of changing. The Bank of England is still "protected" each night by a detachment of "the Brigade of Guards," who march there in scarlet and gold with black busbies to the sound of a drum, "an anachronistic, Kipling phantom in Technicolor that creates major traffic jams. Why? Because during the Gordon Riots in 1780 the mob attacked the bank . . . Several years ago the War Office. . . wanted to discontinue the Guard. The City rose like one man. . . The Guard is still there." "Lloyd's underwriters still sit on their uncomfortable benches in The Room, but elsewhere in the modern building the latest computers are installed—out of sight as though the people were a little embarrassed about using them."

However, Mr. Wechsberg has only concerned himself in passing with the oddities of British merchant banking. He has selected the names of seven merchant banks and bankers and written the story of each with a sparkling lucidity that is reminiscent of *New Yorker* Profiles. This is not surprising, since the author is a foreign correspondent for *The New Yorker.*

WHAT is surprising, however, is Mr. Wechsberg's statement in his opening chapter that "The merchant bankers and their merchant banks are uniquely British." He then chooses the following houses for discussion: Hambros, Barings, Warburg, Mattioli, Abs, Lehman Brothers, and the Rothschilds.

Raffaele Mattioli is chairman of the board of directors of Italy's foremost bank, Banca Commerciale Italiana. Hermann Josef Abs carries the somewhat bewildering official title of Speaker and Member of the Management of the Deutsche Bank. Abs runs the Deutsche Bank and for that reason is Germany's leading banker. Lehman Brothers, although true merchant bankers in the British sense of the word, has always been a house rooted in the United States and can trace its beginning to Henry Lehman, the twenty-two-year-old son of a German cattle merchant who arrived in America in 1844, became an itinerant peddler, and four years later set up a general store with his two brothers. They and their descendants have prospered from that day on.

All of this is confusing, which is unfortunate, because the American public needs clarification on the history and current role of the British merchant banker. Mr. Wechsberg's sketches of men and institutions make good reading, but, sadly enough, they are unstrung pearls never brought together so that the reader can see and evaluate the picture as a whole.

AS one reads Edwin Hoyt's excellent study, *The House of Morgan,* it becomes hard to understand why Mr. Wechsberg devoted fifty-five pages to Lehman Brothers, the only American house among the seven "merchant bankers" which he selected, while completely ignoring J. P. Morgan & Company. Mr. Hoyt has more than filled the gap, however, with his perceptive history of the Morgan family and its rise to financial power. It is of course an oft-told tale, but the author has brought two more or less fresh elements into the telling. Beginning with the arrival of Miles Morgan in the Massachusetts Colony in 1636, he traces the progress of the J. P. Morgan branch down to the present day in greater detail than any other biographer this reviewer recalls. The second element is best described in Mr. Hoyt's own words: ". . . the only sound fundamental basis for considering this family *as* a family, and worthy of biography as a group, was to discover what relationship the Morgans had to American society." The answer lies in these pages, a simple enough answer; they have represented wealth and social position for at least six generations and the continuity of American history since right after the *Mayflower.* They have been Americans as long as nearly anyone except the Indians. How they have comported themselves, how their fortune grew, and whether they have deserved what fortune has bestowed upon them in riches and in slings and arrows, these are matters for the reader to judge.

Miles, his son Nathaniel, and his grandson Joseph were all farmers, who founded and spent their lives in the village of Springfield on the Connecticut River. No one could be anything but a farmer in those starting days. The significant thing is that they were all leaders in the community and all prospered, adding steadily to their lands.

Opportunities broadened for Joseph, Jr., the fourth in line. In 1812 he set himself up as a moneylender or private banker. The House of Morgan was established. Joseph Morgan, Jr., was an ambitious and energetic man. Several years later he moved to Hartford where the opportunities were greater. There he bought the Hartford Exchange Coffee House. He was a founder and an original director of the Aetna Insurance Company and very quickly became one of Hartford's most prominent citizens.

His son, Junius Spencer Morgan, accepted banking as a career without question. While making a business trip to Europe when he was about thirty years old he met George Peabody, a Massachusetts man, who had established himself in London as a banker. Peabody liked young Morgan. He himself was approaching sixty and needed help. He invited Junius to be his partner. The invitation was accepted, thereby laying the foundation for one of the strongest American private banking houses in London.

In 1837 Junius Morgan's son, J. Pierpont Morgan, was born. Mr. Hoyt has told the story of the latter's rise to power in considerable detail. He has weighed Morgan's actions against the background of the times in which they took place, and concludes that they were always undertaken in what Mr. Pierpont Morgan believed to be the public interest.

THE state of the world changed drastically after World War I. Theodore Roosevelt, thundering against the trusts, gave the first warning of the impending storm. The investigation by the Pujo Committee following the panic of 1907 was a shock from which Morgan never recovered; but it was his son and successor who was obliged to bear the brunt of the investigations and official probings that were part of the postwar revolution in our social and economic thinking. Everywhere people were seeking to take economic power out of the hands of men of business and place it in the hands of men of politics. Control of the economy had to be given to elected officials so that the people could rule. The old temples were razed to make room for the new.

In 1933 the Glass-Steagall bill was passed, making it necessary for J. P. Morgan & Company to decide whether it wished to be a commercial bank or an investment banking house. J. P. Morgan, Jr., chose to remain with the firm and become a banker (J. P. Morgan & Company subsequently merged with the Guaranty Trust under the corporate title Morgan Guaranty Trust Company). His son, Henry Sturgis, formed the investment banking house of Morgan, Stanley & Company. And thus the House of Morgan, in the course of six generations, had come together, risen to heights of power and usefulness, and then quietly separated once more into its component parts.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. omelet. 2. Americanized. 3. religion. 4. tomorrow. 5. woman. 6. success. 7. convents. 8. scoundrel. 9. mind. 10. learn. 11. liked. 12. action.

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Bar Hopping with a Hatchet

Vessel of Wrath: The Life and Times of Carry Nation, *by Robert Lewis Taylor (New American Library. 363 pp. $6.95), is a Pulitzer Prize-winner's biography of a great American champion of lost causes. James F. Fixx is the executive editor of McCall's magazine.*

By JAMES F. FIXX

SOME years ago, when I was working as a cub reporter for a tiny weekly paper in back-country Ohio, my editor sent me to interview the head of our town's branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. I shall never forget the state of high glee with which I went forth to carry out the assignment. It was all very rollicking, the notion of interviewing a luminary of the WCTU, and I was determined to do the task justice. My account of our meeting would be sardonic, sophisticated, and knowing, and the poor, misguided lady would no doubt be guffawed out of town, or at the very least obliged to pursue some other less visible species of good works.

Alas, no sooner had the WCTU leader answered her doorbell than it was clear my plan was ruined. She was not at all the shrill and fiery crank I had been prepared to meet. Instead, she was gracious, articulate, and in no way laughable. Moreover, her arguments about alcohol were quiet, reasoned, and in their way quite plausible. It was a mean trick to play on me, and when I got back to the office I must have written a dreadful story.

All this came back to me as I read Robert Lewis Taylor's *Vessel of Wrath*, for it is a biography that seldom overlooks the richness, the pathos, and the human contradictions in a woman who is almost invariably thought of only in her role as an awesome smasher of saloons ("hatchetation" was Carry's own word for it). True, she did smash them —and smashed them wondrously well, as several of the pictures in this volume attest. And she did inveigh against sex and smoking, against judges and men in general ("nicotine-soaked, beer-besmeared, whiskey-bloated, red-eyed Devils" was her appraisal). And she did, for virtually her whole life, make a damned nuisance of herself. But given half a chance, she was, in Taylor's words, "the most hypnotically compelling woman of her time." "The quality," he writes, "that set her apart from all temperance cranks past and present was her warm, down-to-earth gift for making herself companionable with people of diverse origins." Once on a train, he relates, three gamblers going to a horse race tricked the outraged Carry into drinking a mouthful of whiskey. She quickly recovered and told them, "I don't like your whiskey, but I like good horse racing, and I wish you men luck. If I wasn't in this hatchet business, I'd go to New York for that race myself."

Carry Nation had strong reason for entering the hatchet business. In the first place, her lifetime (1846-1911) was an era of abundant sympathy for the temperance movement, and plenty of other women were a part of it—though none quite so devotedly or vigorously as she. Perhaps even more important, Carry had had a bit of experience with the evils of alcohol. Specifically, her first husband, a physician by the name of Charles Gloyd, turned up wobbly with drink on their wedding day ("I did not find Dr. Gloyd the lover I expected," she commented later). The event seems to have done a good deal to mold and focus Carry's outlook.

And focused it unquestionably was, particularly at the height of her career. Tirelessly she roamed the country—chiefly the Middle West—in search of saloons to conquer, sometimes succeeding, sometimes spending nights of discouragement in jail, always selling her little souvenir hatchets for whatever people were willing to pay. She also managed to find time to publish the weekly *Smasher's Mail* (in which, among other things, President McKinley was called "the Brewer's president"), to marry a second time, and to inspire such poetic flourishes as this stanza from a commentary of the day:

> Ammunition she found handy
> On a pool table—sixteen balls.
> These she flung at the gin and brandy
> Bottles in shelves upon the walls.

Not long before her death she said, in words that inspire temperance sympathizers to this day, "I have done what I could." There is certainly no reason to doubt her.

Vessel of Wrath is a lively, amusing book that tries to set the record straight about an oddly ingratiating and misunderstood woman. It may, indeed, be a bit too lively and too amusing, for over a long stretch the author's somewhat self-conscious style becomes wearying. The book is also marred by some careless editing ("superseded" is misspelled once, "minuscule" twice). But at its best Taylor's way of telling Carry Nation's story is so deft and sensitive that the reader is likely to feel that, whether he is very comfortable about it or not, he has come remarkably close to the real woman behind all the ballyhoo.

"No? What kind of an answer is 'no'?"

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In Another Part of the City

Two Views, *by Uwe Johnson, translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston (Harcourt, Brace & World. 183 pp. $4.50), is a political allegory told through an affair of the heart between a West German youth and an East German girl. Joseph P. Bauke is associate professor of Germanic languages at Columbia University in New York.*

By JOSEPH P. BAUKE

IN THE postwar renascence of German literature Uwe Johnson has emerged as a key figure. His first book, *Speculations About Jakob,* published here in 1963, annoyed some critics with its slow pace and its convoluted prose, but it deserved the attention it got. Though not wholly successful as a novel, *Speculations* left no doubt that Johnson was off to a promising start. For his second novel, as yet untranslated, the Formentor Jury awarded him the International Publishers' Prize, and German reviewers hailed him as Germany's answer to the *nouvelle vague* of France.

One reason for Johnson's popularity in his own country is obviously his persistent concern with Germany's central problem, the political division into two opposed states. Johnson broke with a literary tradition that makes a fetish of inwardness at the expense of the realities of the day, and fixed his attention on the border between the two Germanies and the human predicament that this border creates. As a former resident of the Eastern Republic who moved to West Berlin (and now lives in New York City), Johnson is eminently qualified to provide a perspective on the wall that splits Germany and Europe.

Johnson's newest novel, *Two Views,* is his best yet. Those readers disappointed with *Speculations* will find that he has come a long way since his Mannerist beginnings, and now writes a clear, uncluttered, almost reportorial prose. The events narrated in ten perfectly balanced chapters are as uncomplicated and as unambiguous as the title of the novel. The multiple uncertainties surrounding Jakob are here reduced to two views, held by a young West German and his East German girl friend. Dietbert, a professional photographer from a humdrum town near Hamburg who has the number of his bank account printed on his business cards, represents the shallowness, the greed, and the uneasy conscience of the West. He falls in love, but not too deeply, with Beate, an East Berlin nurse with a heart of gold and a rather average IQ.

The building of the wall (the novel takes places in 1961) separates the lovers, who now, paradoxically, feel a stronger commitment to each other than they had before. Dietbert, suffering from a vague sense of mission, wants to rescue Beate from a state that according to all West German sources is little better than a prison. He does not dare to break with Beate "because it would then look as if he had left her in the lurch." Beate, for her part, knows only too well that the glitter of the West, and especially of West Berlin, is largely make-believe. In fact, she has developed a sense of pride, if not in the German Democratic Republic then at least in her native Berlin. "The two cities of Berlin had always been her neighborhood . . . she had not liked it when Dietbert in West Berlin always paid for her with his own money, as though it were not her city and shied away from East Berlin as if it would not be his. There had been a quarrel about that." Thus, affection and politics are blended throughout the novel.

Dietbert and Beate's eventual reunion is achieved with the help of an underground organization which, mixing idealism with money, helps East Germans to leave the country clandestinely. But the effort that went into the daring escape has sapped their energy and their feelings for each other. Dietbert, as unsure of himself as always, has another accident and ends up in a hospital. Beate visits him there "for the sake of appearances."

Johnson's compellingly drawn image of Germany is bleak and empty. He offers the plus and minus of the two Germanies as if he were preparing a balance sheet on which the items cancel each other. *Two Views* is a political allegory told as an affair of the heart. With fascination the reader discovers that, in Johnson's view, both ventricles are empty.

Dead Giants and Live Spaceships

Nebula Award Stories 1965, *edited by Damon Knight (Doubleday. 299 pp. $4.95), and* ***Turning On: 13 Stories by Damon Knight*** *(Doubleday. 180 pp. $3.50), reflect the principal modes of storytelling followed by today's writers of science fiction. Enid C. Stickel is a free-lance critic.*

By ENID C. STICKEL

ALTHOUGH, as president of the Science Fiction Writers of America, Damon Knight had only one vote out of many in choosing the material for his *Nebula Award Stories 1965,* the generally high standards by which the stories were judged are due at least in part to his continuing influence in the field as a discriminating critic and anthologist.

Certainly J. G. Ballard's formal exercise in Kafkaesque surrealism, "The Drowned Giant," would be at home in any serious short fiction anthology. It begins with this sentence: "On the morning after the storm the body of a drowned giant was washed ashore on the beach five miles to the northwest of the city." People explore the giant corpse, it is gradually dismembered for processing by a local fertilizer manufacturer, decay sets in, and even the massive bones that survive these indecencies are dishonored, appearing here in a carnival exhibit, there as doorposts to a butcher shop. The townfolk display no curiosity about the giant's origins, and whatever curiosity the reader has initially is gradually dissipated by the disturbing images the story evokes.

Much more identifiable as science fiction is Roger Zelazny's novella, "He Who Shapes," about a psychiatrist who participates directly in his patients' dreams, inevitably to become trapped in one of them. Although the *folie à deux* plot device has become commonplace in science fiction, here it is informed by a wonderfully creative imagination, and while the story is not entirely successful, lacking both the control and coherence of Ballard's, it is still the most satisfyingly complex piece in the anthology.

In addition to being a typesetter's nightmare, the title of Harlan Ellison's short story, "'Repent, Harlequin!' Said the Ticktockman," is ample warning of the sort of pseudo-literary antics its author expects to be indulged in. He asks too much. The story idea is sound—a time-clock society regulates even the lifespans of its members—but it requires more than costumed symbols and kandy-

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kolored prose for its successful realization.

Larry Niven's "Becalmed in Hell" has as one of its two characters a spaceship named Eric. But there is no whimsy here; Eric is a cyborg, a human brain and nervous system hooked up to a Venus probe vehicle. When his ramjets fail, he and the pilot must determine whether the malfunction is psychic or prosthetic. Told with humor, suspense, and a great deal of charm, the story contains not only the hardest science fiction but some of the sharpest writing in the anthology.

The remaining four stories by Brian Aldiss, Gordon Dickson, James Schmitz, and again Roger Zelazny are all neatly contrived, as are the thirteen in Damon Knight's third story collection, *Turning On*. The contents of this volume reflect Knight's considerable skill as a writer but are not his best work, and the book will probably disappoint science fiction fans. Possibly it will have a higher entertainment value for general readers in search of light, diverting, and smoothly professional storytelling. The stories range from fantasy to satire to fable, the most solid being "Mary," a sentimental tale of a world in which love is forbidden, and the most ephemeral being "Eripmav," a punning twist on the Gothic horror piece.

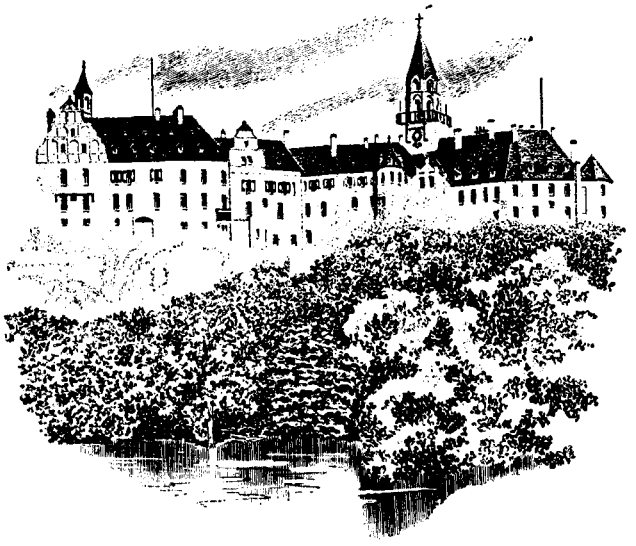
If the stories in *Turning On* seem slight, they do represent a familiar tradition in both science fiction and general literature—that of the civilized entertainment. The Nebula Award stories, on the other hand, indicate some of the newer directions that science fiction is taking. Together, the two volumes not only reflect the chief modes of storytelling followed by contemporary science fiction writers, but are evidence of the craftsmanship and skill the selective reader can expect these writers to display.

Duel in the Sky: At his best, Ernest K. Gann is spectacularly good. An experienced airman and a skillful narrative writer, he has staked out a claim to a thrilling pilot's sky. Readers of *Fate Is the Hunter* and some of his ten other books must anticipate keenly the prospect of climbing back into the cockpit beside the old master. In his new novel, however, he fails to prove up his claim.

Those who remember the gusty Dooley of *Island in the Sky* (perhaps still Gann's best) and the magnificent Dan Roman of *The High and the Mighty* will search in vain through Gann's new novel, *In the Company of Eagles* (Simon & Schuster, $5.95), for a character of equal stature. The two scantily realized principals of the new book—Chamay, the French escadrille pilot, and

(*Continued on page* 58)

Miller High Life Slept Here!



In deep limestone caves, underneath the Royal Hohenzollern Castle, the first Miller brew "slept" . . . aging in huge casks . . . well over a century ago!

As a beer created for nobility, Miller was famous for its distinctive quality and exceptional flavor! In 1855 . . . Miller High Life was brewed for the first time, in Milwaukee, and since that time has become noted in all 50 states and over 50 foreign countries for quality that has been unequaled, unchanging . . . unquestioned!

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Florence

Continued from page 27

their goods—where else but in the Arno itself, with the acute shortage of water? And, in need of ready cash, they were selling damaged stock at wholesale prices. Dampened women's purses, which had sold at pre-flood prices of from 15,000 to 20,000 lire [about $25 to $30], were going for 1,000 lire [about $1.50]; a dozen pairs of woolen socks, undamaged, could be had for 500 lire [about 75 cents]; at one store copies of antique furniture were being offered to the highest bidder between November 7 and 11. The shopkeeper in the Florentine was getting on top of the situation.

But for the artisan, who has been struggling to maintain a livelihood against the growing competition of machine-made goods, the outlook was different. His workshop had been gutted, his raw materials had been washed away or were so damaged that they were unusable, and his tools and equipment had been scattered and destroyed. What remained were his skills and his two hands.

For the employees and directors of the Soprintendenza alle Gallerie the picture was and continues to be grim. On the second day after the flood we met Signora Anna Maria Forlani, director of the Uffizi Gabinetto dei Disegni, sitting on the steps of the Horne Foundation, her head in her hands. Other *belle arti* people whom we encountered in the streets had aged ten years. But as stock has been and continues to be taken of the damage to art works, Professor Ugo Procacci, superintendent of fine arts in Florence, believes that more works have been saved and are salvageable than had originally been estimated. Still, the preliminary reports of damage are distressing: 221 painted wood panels, 413 canvases, 11 fresco series, 39 individual frescos, 14 sections of monuments, 144 sculptures, 23 illuminated manuscripts —in all nearly a thousand pieces. *I feriti,* as damaged art works are called, are being collected and placed in a "hospital for art works" set up in the *limonaia* of the Boboli Gardens, a huge room normally used for the winter storage of lemon trees. Here the preliminary stage of restoration – dehumidifying – has begun. But the official estimate is that it will be two years before other restoration can begin. Meanwhile, Japanese rice paper is being laid over the paintings to fix the colors, and beside each one is a sheet of white paper holding tiny bits of the paint that had become detached.

FIRST to be reported was the major art damage—to the Cimabue crucifix, the largest of the six or eight Cimabues still extant, to the Ghiberti bronze doors (five panels of which were temporarily missing and later recovered, caught in the iron rail fence surrounding the Baptistero), and the two panels of the Andrea Pisano door, also recovered. Less publicized was the heroic effort known here as "the long night of the Uffizi." The Uffizi was among the first important monuments to be isolated by water, separated as it is from the Arno by only the Lungarno Medici. On the day of the flood and throughout the night a small group of Uffizi employees, led by Professor Umberto Baldini, director of the Gabinetto dei Restauri, worked tirelessly in the dark to lift some eighty masterpieces out of danger of the rising water and carry them one by one to the upper floors. Among them were paintings by Giotto, Fra Filippo Lippi, Masaccio, and Botticelli. All had been stored on a subterranean floor to await cleaning or restoration. For one painting alone, a polyptych by Giotto weighing several hundred pounds, the rescue operation took three hours.

—*Rapho Guillumette.*

Lunch break—Two university students pause during the monumental work of helping salvage Florence's legacy.

The story of the Uffizi may be multiplied. At the Biblioteca Nazionale, which took a smashing blow from the first major break of the Arno over its banks on the Lungarno delle Grazie, hundreds of students, including many Americans from the Florence branches of Stanford, Syracuse, and Florida State, joined library workers to dig in the floors below ground level and drag up the Magliabechian and Palatina collections to be stacked in the sun to dry. Young Florentine girls, who are known for their neatness and chic and who never wear slacks in the streets, worked at the library in Levis and mud-splattered boots.

The library also lost its complete collection of Italian periodicals from the time of national unity to the present, and its entire filing system lay strewn and scattered about in the mud. According to the latest estimate, 500,000 were damaged or lost. The director of the library's rare books and codices section, Signorina Eugenia Levi, believes that it may take up to twenty years before the library can function as it has in the past. A parallel example of the losses to the Biblioteca Nazionale is the destruction by fire, in 1903, of the famous royal library of Turin—which at the time was compared to the destruction of the great library of classical antiquity of Alexandria in about 500 B.C. The restoration of some of the fire-blackened and singed remnants of the Turin library is still being carried on by an old lady in Padua.

At the university of Florence, nine out of ten faculties have suffered such severe damage to their libraries and facilities that resumption of classes is not yet even scheduled. University students and professors are spending all their time on salvage work primarily in the libraries, most of which are at basement

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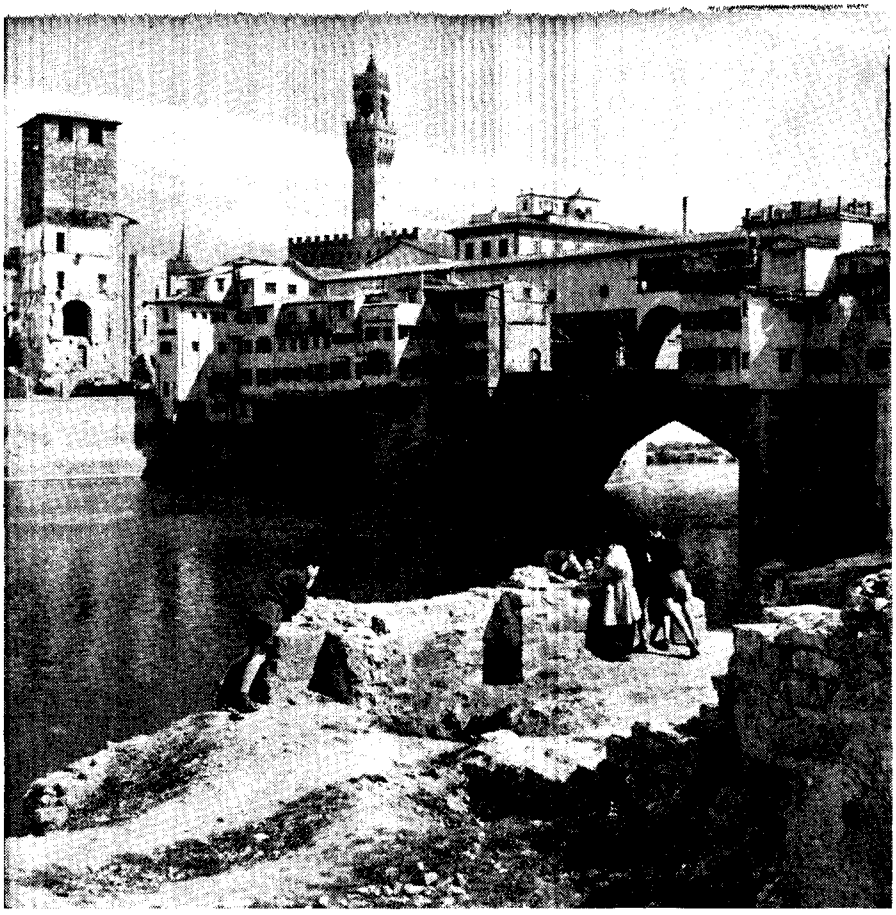

—Rapho Guillumette.

The river Arno in calmer days—The Ponte Vecchio, its ancient spans immovable, withstood the flood—a symbol of "the remarkable spirit of the Florentines."

level. The Library of the Faculty of Liberal Arts and Philosophy, containing more than a million volumes, was devastated and its catalogue destroyed. At the School of Economics and Business, thousands of doctoral theses were swept away. At the Faculty of Law, 20,000 volumes—the only ones extant—of a collection of rare documents and books on jurisprudence from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries, were in large part destroyed. The San Salvi clinic for neurological and mental diseases, a branch of the Faculty of Medicine, lost all of its scientific equipment and a large part of its library. Overall, damage at the university is estimated to total more than 1 billion lire. Florence, custodian of a precious patrimony of art works and libraries, has been irreparably impoverished.

A heartening aspect of the monumental work of salvage still going on has been the help of the foreign students. From the first day they were digging in the cold, darkness, and water of the basement floors of the Uffizi to help extract part of the heavily damaged State Archives of the Republic of Florence. They have helped at the Biblioteca Nazionale, at the university, in the workshops of artisans, and they have made friends everywhere among the Italian students and the people of Florence. An American art student whom we met said she had gained five pounds in five days from the plates of spaghetti offered her by Florentine families. "My father should see us now," she added thoughtfully. "He thinks our generation has no values."

As the Florentines adjust to their wounds, some hard questions remain. Why was the city not alerted in time to save what could have been saved? What of the two dams in the province of Arezzo, La Penna and Levane—was one or were both opened at 2 a.m. on November 4 to release millions of cubic meters of water into the already dangerously swollen Arno without prior warning to Florence? Was it the responsibility of the prefect, a state official, or of the commune of Florence—a locally elected body—to mobilize such emergency services as existed before these became hopelessly stuck in mud? None of these questions as yet has been satisfactorily answered. Doubts will persist until they are.

Some say that city authorities knew at 9 p.m. the evening before the flood that the river was rising at the rate of one yard an hour, but that the alarm was not given for fear of causing a panic and clogging the city's streets with people, whose lives could be better safeguarded at home. Others say the prefect knew of the danger well ahead of the local authorities, but that there was no contact between them. It is privately admitted that the inadequate, neglected state of some of the city's main facilities, such as the aqueducts and electrical systems, which have long needed modernization, added to the damage and seriously impaired the work of reconstruction. Three weeks after the flood more than 50 per cent of the city's water, electricity, gas, and telephone facilities in the affected areas remained inoperative.

A local city council, broadened to include representatives of the Communists and the Right, has been created to cope with the present and make inquiry into the immediate past. But what political authority makes serious inquiry into its own shortcomings and ineptitude? The political ramifications are broad, and the question of blame has already become the focal point of political wrangle. The feeling of resentment was evident when President Saragat, who certainly cannot be held accountable for the unpreparedness of the local authorities, arrived three days after the flood to bring "solidarity and comfort" to the Floren-

Offers of help from around the world have poured into museums, libraries, and other institutions in the flood zone in Italy. In one of the most dramatic gestures, the Soviet Union, through UNESCO, has offered to send ten specialists in art restoration to the devastated area. Private citizens, trade unions, civic associations, and other organizations in many countries also have offered assistance.

SR readers who wish to aid in restoration of damaged art in Florence may contribute to the following organization, of which Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy is honorary president:

Committee to Rescue Italian Art
717 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York.

Those who wish to contribute to general assistance in the city of Florence may contribute to the following group, of which Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island is chairman:

Florentine Relief Fund, Inc.
375 Park Avenue
New York, New York.

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tines. As his motorcade inched through the mud-choked streets, there were shouts of "Go home! Give us bread and water—not speeches!"

There is no doubt that the monuments and art works of Florence will eventually be restored. The national government has offered $2,500,000 for the restoration of art works and monuments in Florence, and a part of this fund will go immediately for the restoration of the Vasari corridor. Men hired by the Soprintendenza ai Monumenti, a state authority, have already been put to work to buttress the corridor. And for the shopowners, who had no insurance against a flood—"it just never occurred to me," one jeweler said—frogmen have been sent from the Genoa carabinieri to dig in the Arno for lost jewels and strongboxes. But there is serious concern that the city may become intellectually stagnant as a result of the staggering losses sustained by its libraries, which have either been destroyed or will not be available for use for a long time to come. This could result in the transference of its intellectual activities to another city which could better provide the materials and facilities for students and scholars.

Throughout this national emergency, not only in Florence but in Venice, Trento, Grossetto, Belluno, the Friuli, the Arno Valley and innumerable other areas, the authority of the state, its capacity to intervene rapidly and efficiently and to make decisions, has broken down. Nor has this been the case only for the November floods. Italy has gone through a series of major disasters in the past four years: the overflow of the Vajont dam near Belluno, which destroyed the town of Longarone and killed its 2,800 inhabitants; the avalanche that descended on the town of Monterosso in the Cinqueterre; last year's floods in Umbria; torrential rains in Central Italy that cut off Rome for five days; and hurricanes in the Friuli. All demonstrated the fragility of present administrative structures for coping with emergency situations.

IN the wake of these events, a fundamental question is whether the Italian state will confront this basic need for streamlining governmental structures, for untangling the bureaucratic maze, in a forceful, effective way. If not, in the long run there are bound to be serious social and political repercussions.

Braintruster

Continued from page 51

shore up the sagging morale of the Americans and to convey Roosevelt's latest views. Hull distrusted Moley, who was nominally his subordinate. Moley, in London, enthusiastically welcomed a declaration prepared by the gold bloc. It provided for a stabilization in a way that Roosevelt had indicated he could accept. Roosevelt reversed his previous position, rejected the declaration, and then followed with his "bombshell" assertion that the conference should seek to cure fundamental economic ills and should not be fussing with an artificial and temporary experiment.

Moley, humiliated, had seemingly been repudiated by the President. The conference collapsed. Although Roosevelt welcomed Moley home as if nothing had happened, the latter's prestige had suffered heavily. The case he presents here should assure his vindication.

Moley left Washington in 1933 to help edit a magazine. But he commuted weekly from New York for three years, helping to prepare almost every one of Roosevelt's messages and major speeches. He is particularly proud of his part in creating the Securities and Exchange Commission and the social security system. However, his influence with respect to policy declined. With the illness and death of Howe, Roosevelt looked to Edward J. Flynn, the New York City Democratic leader, for advice on political matters. Flynn once told Moley that voters were moving to the cities and that "we must attract them by radical programs of social and economic reform." The rise of Huey Long and other extremists persuaded Roosevelt that he must move left to blunt their appeal. He stepped up his attacks on businessmen, and pressed for legislation appealing to labor and other urban elements. These policies, according to the author, signaled the end of the first New Deal.

Moley wrote the first draft of the President's acceptance speech for the 1936 Democratic convention. His text emphasized moderation and national unity. A revision by others retained some of Moley's expressions but shifted the tenor of the address to an attack on "economic royalists." Moley never again rendered any service to Roosevelt, and was soon criticizing him on several fronts in the editorial columns of his magazine. Moley's testimony before Congress in 1937 in opposition to Roosevelt's "court-packing" plan doomed any hope of reconciliation. Moley has since found a home in the Republican Party, and wonders why more "nominal" Democrats haven't followed him.

Raymond Moley has capped his distinguished career with the publication of a volume that will prove invaluable to scholars. With the possible exception of passages dealing with the more abstruse aspects of international finance, it will also be of surpassing interest to the general reader.

Duel in the Sky

Continued from page 55

Kupper, the German ace—are little more than mouthpieces for the weary statement that war is hell, even when it is the chivalric gentlemen's war of the 1914-18 daredevil open-cockpit fliers: the air war that was "the most horrifying and exhilarating game in the world—the hunt for like creatures of like intelligence."

Eagles is a brief historical novel of sorts. Along the way, Gann makes telling (but oft-told) points. He has the customary cataloguing of casualty statistics, the brutal and cursory handling of wounded *en masse*, and the endless bloody spectacle of the terrible trench war. He has the standard sprinkling of the petty larcenies and minor heroics of the privates and junior officers who make up the complement of supporting players, most of them passed over so lightly that we learn little more than their names. A few stand out—regrettably few.

Covering the few weeks of the horribly disastrous Allied offensive in the spring of 1917, the central story is about an insignificant battle in a giant catastrophic war. And actually perhaps the only significance of a war novel today can be in the stubborn survival of individual conflicts. But coming long after *Paths of Glory* and the multitude of Gary Cooper-Franchot Tone-Fredric March movies of the Thirties (and even "The Blue Max"), *Eagles* has little to add. Its main characters are curiously distant, and its plot, which builds like an abbreviated *Young Lions* to an inevitable duel between the pilot-antagonists, has none of the heroic proportion that might lift it into either the realm of tragedy or that of high adventure. Only the concluding note of faith in humanity and mercy leaves one with a sense of hope.

We are not, this time, in the cockpit with Ernest Gann. The vitality is no longer there; the best one can do is wait, and hope, for Gann's next novel.

—BRIAN GARFIELD.

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Wassail and All That Bother

AS ANY Englishman knows, life is too grim to spend Christmas in London. People do spend the holidays in London, making a brave show of it, but deep down they know that it is the wrong thing to do. One must go Out. That means to the country.

Wangling an invitation may be tricky but it can be done. To any friend who lives Out, casually mention your vague plan of spending Christmas in, say, Berlin. "There seems nothing else to do," you might add somewhat ruefully. The friend will mull this over for several days. Imagine—a bleak Christmas in Berlin! Then announce you've lost your passport and cannot go after all. By this time your commiserating friend, stricken with guilt, will leap at the opportunity of saving you from the horrid fate of spending Christmas alone in London.

Once the invitation is set, there is nothing to do but your shopping. It's the shopping that's the strain. The shops are never open except during office hours. A few do stretch themselves a bit and open for a few hours Saturday mornings or stay open until seven on weeknights. In a city of so many millions, this leads to somewhat crowded conditions. In fact, in the week before Christmas, Oxford Street is the most choked thoroughfare on the planet.

You must fall in with the system of queues. There is the queue to leave the tube train, the queue to get on the escalator, the queue to get onto the sidewalk, the queue to get into the next store, and the queue to get to a counter. The queues sometimes do get a trifle mixed up. You might think you're lining up to buy perfume and find you're buying snuggies instead. Whatever the purchase, bear in mind that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a man to return goods to an English store after the holidays. While queuing to leave the store and queuing to cross the street and queuing to get a bus, you might reflect that this is the country that practically invented Christmas—the wassail bowl, the holly, the mistletoe, the post-season bills.

After shopping, packing is simple. Only two items are indispensable: an umbrella and a hot water bottle. With shopping and packing done, the next hurdle is catching the train. This is part of the Christmas ritual which those who motor Out miss. All London railway stations are the same: at first glance it appears that London is being evacuated. A second glance confirms this. Bodies edge for the same square foot of cold gritty floor. Suitcases, parcels, boxes, baskets, strangely shaped items that defy identification, shopping bags that attest to the selling prowess of Dickins and Jones, Simpson's, Harrod's, Selfridge's, and all the rest, serve to announce that the trains will not be empty. One finds, too, exceptionally large piles of bulging mailbags at critical points in the station and can only surmise that it was a choice of Christmas mail or the passengers, and British Railways—rightly—is doing its best by the passengers.

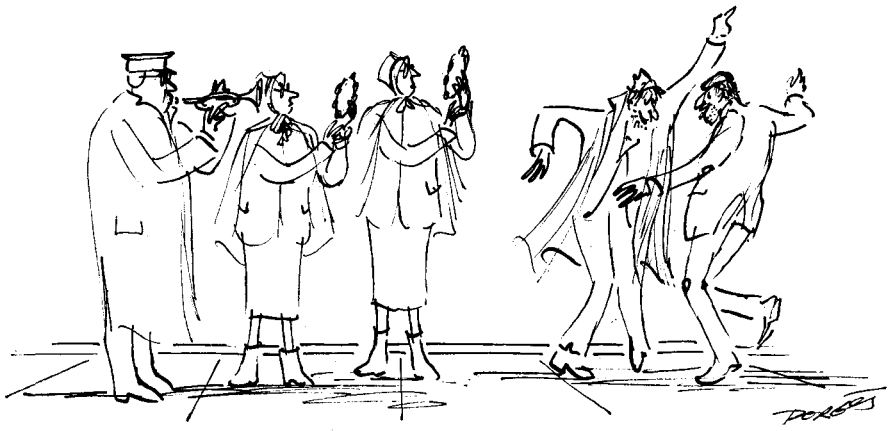
THE trains at Christmas are always late. As everyone knows, Christmas is the traditional season for making repairs to the track so there is no complaint among the patient, shivering crowds. When the train finally comes, it is the beginning of a memorable ride. You usually stand on the platform, shivering in the draft and contorted into Yogi postures to keep upright among the piles of things around your legs. In no time you are in the country. As England is small, the journey need not take long—unless, of course, the repairs to the track are particularly involved and your train is shunted onto a siding.

Upon arrival at your destination you are met, and there follows the pleasant job of settling in. The English country house—at any time of the year inimitable—is specially designed to cope with the effects of Christmastime train rides. The house is decked with greens—the holly is real and has real berries, the pine boughs are real and have real pine cones. The tree is real and came from a forest—which is, of course, where trees used to come from before Americans started cooking them up from goo in huge factories. After the smell of London, the scent given off by the greens is a distinct pleasure.

Still rigid with cold, you are given a place near the fire and a drink. As you gradually warm up, inside and outside, you realize that the English purposely tolerate all the little inconveniences they do in order to make life's pleasures that much sweeter. A man perpetually warmed by central heating can never appreciate a roaring fire; nor can a man who is never soaked to the skin. In America, a glass of Scotch is taken for its psychological effects; in England, more often, for its thermal ones. Other aspects of the English house that help one cope with a dull, gray climate are the brass, silver, and crystal in evidence everywhere, always highly polished, ready to catch any bit of light that may happen to find its way to earth. Violently colored flower patterns abound to remind the English that there are colors other than gray and that a damp climate, after all, is superb for the garden.

Christmas Eve is festive and comes just in the nick of time, for the mountains of presents growing under the tree threaten to trip anyone passing by. It is nice to observe the universality of the custom of Christmas Eve—the blizzard of paper, the exchanges of kisses and thanks, the breaking of toys, the pouring of another round of drinks. Outside, a group is singing carols in the street. Around midnight, when things have quieted down and guests have departed, you make your way to church. If it's raining you don't mind at all, and if it's snowing you think, thank heaven, there'll always be an England.

The church is probably stone, very old and bare. The temperature is precisely the same inside the church as outside. Candles are lit at the altar and in the superb brass chandelier, which glows like a sun. The bellringers start up the bells. During the service, everyone sings carols as only the English can, very slowly and in a sort of whisper, for it would be considered extraordinary



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to sing right out. After the service, back at home, you toast your frozen feet by the fire and resolve to buy a country house right after the holidays.

Christmas day, like every day, begins with a cup of tea brought up to you in bed. The English consider it barbarous to leap out of bed upon awakening. The drastic act of arising should be delayed as long as possible and softened with every amenity. One must collect one's thoughts and work up to it gradually. Besides, the room is frigid and it is either a) raining, or b) going to rain.

After breakfast someone suddenly realizes it is time for the Queen's speech, so everyone troops to the living room, where the television is turned on and the Queen is just uttering the last word. After the speech, all the important activity is centered in the kitchen, so the guest is urged to sit by the fire and read for a while. Woman guests are plied with copies of *Nova, Queen, Encounter,* and the local hunt journal, while gentleman guests settle down to *Country Life* and *The New Hungarian Quarterly.*

By the time one has found an article of interest and started reading, it is time for a walk. The purpose of the walk, of course, is to whet the appetite for dinner, so the gracious guest agrees and bundles up to go out. Despite England's reputation for a temperate climate, after sitting for an hour inches from a blazing fire, you find the temperature outside Siberian (you think of your flat in London and are convinced that the pipes have burst). Your host very kindly shows you the entire neighboring district. No lane, no footpath, goes unexplored. The rain has mercifully stopped and the ground is now frozen underfoot. You pass a pond. The swans seem oblivious to the liquid ice that they are swimming around in. You begin to wonder if a good appetite is worth the amputation of several fingers and toes. Back at the house you again submit to the fire-and-Scotch remedy, find that it works beautifully, and that amputation won't be required after all.

As other guests arrive the conversation reaches a low din, with queries about what is new in London, in Oxford, in New York, and in Gretna Green. The time finally comes to move to the table. Jokes to the contrary notwithstanding, the pleasures of the English table are very real and at no time of the year is this more evident than at the Christmas holidays. Then one encounters Dover sole, Aylesbury duckling, West Country hams, Yorkshire puddings, smoked salmon, Stilton cheeses, plum cakes, and a hundred other delights that defy imitation. At every place is set a Christmas cracker, which is not something to eat but a party favor that explodes when pulled apart and spills out paper hats, fake diamond rings, false moustaches, and other items indispensable to the spirit of the occasion. The Christmas pudding is finally brought in to a chorus of protesting groans, and is promptly devoured. The English are very clever about the lucky sixpence of pre-war silver that is baked in: A guest always gets it.

THE trouble with Christmas is Christmas afternoons, the *longueur* that sets in when one sinks into an overstuffed chair in front of a crackling fire, all the presents opened, all one's Christmas calls made, the feast eaten. A situation like this has undone many. But the English have invented a solution. It is to read the *Times*'s recommendations for the post-Christmas trip. While pondering over the heavy choice between Malta or a cruise to Egypt or even a plain man's jaunt to Spain, one forgets the state of one's digestion, the drowsiness of Christmas afternoon, and the grimness of life after December 26. The *Times* realizes its grave responsibility along these lines and prints a very thick travel section. If it is not thick enough, there is always dominoes.

The English have the sense to know that after the holiday, one must taper off. It is to this purpose that Boxing Day has been fashioned. Traditionally the day when servants came around with boxes for the annual *pourboire,* Boxing Day is now a sporting day. Whatever your sport, you must find some way of pursuing it. In the country this means the hunt. There are several ways of following the hunt but they all begin with the meeting at someone's country house, generally called a "farmer's house" or "cottage," which is any imposing historic two-storied structure with at least fourteen rooms and extensive grounds. Having no professional knowledge of the hunt, I can only set out what I deduce is the proper hunt procedure:

1) Inspect the hounds. (This simply means pat one or two on the head. Do *not* call them dogs. *Hounds* is the word.)

2) Join the party inside, where libations are poured to warm the huntsmen thoroughly against the chill of the morning air. Drink the hunt drink, which is very sweet, very red, and very fruity. Women talk with women about how smart the other looks in her habit, what the new baby's name is, and why there aren't as many dances as there used to be. Men talk with men about whatever men talk about when talking with men.

3) Inspect the hounds again.

4) Start off.

The plebes follow by car. If you are one of the plebes going on a fox hunt not by horse but in a car, you need not feel dismayed, because you will be part of the majority. It may be that eventually everyone but a few diehards will follow the hunt by car, for it does offer distinct advantages. The hazards of a broken neck are markedly lessened, and chilblains and pangs of hunger can be warded off by turning on the car heater and opening Thermoses and hampers of food. You need not leave the car if you do not want to get your boots muddy. Of course, following the hunt this way means that you rarely see the hounds or the horses or the fox, but occasionally you can hear them. If you do catch sight of the red-coated huntsmen coming through the trees in the morning haze, you will never forget it and will vow that this is the way to take the hunt.

Boxing Day supper is often taken in a small, old hotel in the country, the kind listed in American guidebooks and rated alpha on atmosphere and omega on bathrooms. The doorbeams are too low, the ceilings sag, the walls lean, the floors creak, and the place as a whole is unutterably cheery.

When you and your host return home, he takes a flashlight and goes out into the dark to gather a bunch of snowdrops for you to take back to London. The train ride back is similar to the train ride out, with only minor variations: It is considerably colder and one need stand only half the way. When reaching the station in London it is no use looking for a cup of hot tea or a magazine to read because the stands will be closed, the English being firm advocates of Regular Hours. By the time you're back in your flat, you probably can't face the place after having been Out, so you find it best to pick up that copy of the *Times* and start looking through those cruises. It doesn't matter where you go as long as you are back in time for next Christmas. —JOSEPHINE A. GRIDLEY.

Miss Gridley is a former teacher and research supervisor who has lived in several countries, including England, and now is a writer in Baltimore.

Indonesia: Addenda

An inadvertent change in the meaning in Horace Sutton's *Booked for Travel* column, "The Morning of the World-I" [*SR*, Dec. 10], may prove misleading for readers who travel inside Indonesia. Mr. Sutton's original copy made it plain that although new hotels have been built in Indonesia, travel inside the country is still difficult and uncertain. The copy, sent by teletype from the Pacific, was altered to indicate that the difficulties, handicaps, and harassments of travel have been eliminated. Largely because of the undependability of local airline schedules, travel in Indonesia, particularly between Jakarta and Bali, remains a real problem.

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Company Is Two

AMONG this season's new plays, the theater experience most desperately worth having is *My Sweet Charlie*. In it David Westheimer explores with fervent honesty one girl's progress from ignorance and racial bias to a degree of civilized awareness only possible when one can live temporarily outside society.

Mr. Westheimer has not written a thesis play, but a document of intensely human behavior. True, he sets up a contrived situation in which a sixteen-year-old white girl who has been thrown out of her home for having become pregnant is forced by circumstance to share an empty Gulf Coast house with a Northern Negro lawyer fleeing an anti-civil-rights posse. But from this point on, the human beings in the characters, and in us, take over. At first the girl, Marlene, sees only a "nigger" who, she assumes, is about to rape her. But when the lawyer, Charlie, tells her to "stop acting so white" and assures her that besides she's too ugly to interest him sexually, her anger reveals that she is a girl first and a white second.

Gradually her ingrained prejudices give way to more honestly evaluated experience, and Charlie's resentment of her turns to humorous understanding. When, after some time, she calls him "Negra," he chuckles and remarks, "I'm getting up in the world." A little later, without thinking, she tells him, "You would think that, being a lawyer . . ." and we realize that she is able to think of him as a representative of his profession rather than of his race. When they are discussing his decision to come down South and join a group of Negro demonstrators, she even upbraids him for getting mixed up with "those kind of people."

There is a marvelous scene in which Marlene drills Charlie on how to act like a Southern Negro when he goes to the store to buy food, and under Howard Da Silva's direction, Bonnie Bedelia and Louis Gossett play it with refreshing warmth and humor. In another scene, Miss Bedelia's timing is perfect as she explains why she peeped at Charlie in the bathtub. "Colored men are supposed to be bigger," she says quietly, and then adds matter-of-factly, "but you ain't."

Mr. Gossett is fine, too, as he keeps the action from becoming romantic. He even makes his final tribute to her seem an unconscious slip of the tongue. "You're different," he says, and then is surprised to discover that unintentionally his compliment reveals his prejudice.

The truly moving climax of the play comes in the next-to-last scene, in which Marlene tells Charlie that she wants her baby to be like him. It is moving, not because it is prompted by love, but because it is a genuine assessment of the kind of person Charlie is.

The short final scene is anti-climactic and arbitrary, but it cannot destroy the wonderful events that precede it. Furthermore, one can always turn to the just published novel upon which the play is based. Unlike the play, it ends with Marlene being harshly asked, "Who was that Charlie?" The novel most eloquently reads as follows:

> And anger and some of the hurt drained from her and she thought, You're so dumb I feel sorry for you. And she looked at him with great wisdom and tolerance and she said gently, "He was my daddy."

The setting by Jo Mielziner nicely suggests that the cottage is socially isolated by placing it on blocks that elevate it a foot above the ground. And subtle changes in lighting enhance the mood of a play in which the genuine feelings of the performers obliterate our awareness of its mechanics.

MAKING a musical comedy out of Jan de Hartog's 1951 play, *The Fourposter*, is a forbidding task. Indeed, one attempt to do so failed in Europe a few years back. After all, there is a monotony in following one couple's marital marathon, particularly when it all takes place in one bedroom. However, Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, for better or worse, till death do them part, have chosen to cherish these limitations, and their *I Do! I Do!* succeeds in making honest if plain theatrical virtue of them.

The musical opens with a bare stage behind which we hear a concealed orchestra. Then as the marriage of Agnes and Michael begins, bits of their bedroom float together before our eyes. The main piece, of course, is the fourposter bed which Oliver Smith has designed in such a way that the performers can easily rotate it. Thus, a feeling of fluidity is established and is echoed in Jean Rosenthal's mood-sensitive lighting and Freddy Wittop's slightly humorous costumes. All of these simple elements are tastefully and imaginatively manipulated by director Gower Champion.

Because the show's stars are two such thoroughly expert professionals as Mary Martin and Robert Preston, this manipulation becomes a game played between them and the audience. There is never the illusion that we are seeing Agnes and Michael. We are quite obviously seeing Mary and Bob, which under the circumstances may be a good thing. For it takes the curse off the compound sentimentality of the story.

Miss Martin sings and clowns nicely. She is best in the shriller portions of the action. In a song such as "Someone Needs Me," she demonstrates her unique ability with the insistent phrase (remember "I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy"?). And how refreshing to hear her finding fault with life once again, as she does when she complains to her husband, "When I get to where the joke should be, you always say it just ahead of me."

Mr. Preston is highly amusing when he is being impossibly self-centered After his wife reminds him that having a large family will entail a host of diapers, bottles, etc., he innocently replies, "I

(*Continued on page* 68)

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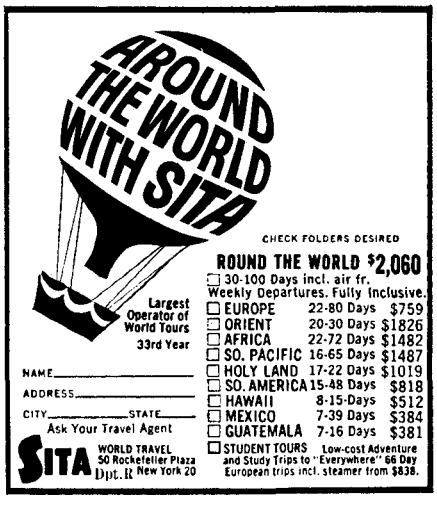
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Unsentimental Gentleman

IT IS SAID out in Hollywood that, given a list of ten top directors, any studio would choose for its next multi-million dollar spectacular the mild, soft-spoken, unassuming Robert Wise. Actors love him because he helps them to Academy Award performances. Studios love him because he generally manages to bring in a picture on time, on budget, and in a form that earns praise from the critics and dollars at the box office. Not only that, Wise is varied. He seems able to do almost anything, from the uncompromising realism of *I want to Live* to the operatic *West Side Story*, from the superbly manipulated shudders of *The Haunting* to the sunny splendors of *The Sound of Music*. But whatever the *genre*, Wise manages to give it the style most suited to the material, in contrast to most directors, who would rather stamp their pictures with the style most suited to themselves.

This virtuosity is impressively displayed in his newest film, *The Sand Pebbles*, based on the novel by Richard McKenna. Set in China in the late Twenties, it is a vast, wide-ranging adventure tale, panoramic yet also intimate as the upsurge of Chinese nationalism is viewed through the eyes of a handful of American sailors on a U.S. gunboat assigned to cruise the Yangtze during this troubled time.

At the center of the film is Jake Holman, a "loner," an independent spirit who has transferred to the tiny *San Pablo* from a larger ship because he wants to run his engine room without interference. Once aboard, however, he discovers that in effect the Chinese are operating the vessel, the crew having gradually insinuated itself into every phase of the ship's activities except battle drill. The officers and his fellow enlisted men resent Holman's attempts to do his proper duty as a threat to their exceedingly comfortable way of life.

But on shore, events in China are posing a far more formidable threat to their way of life. The country, divided for centuries, is being forcibly unified by the new Nationalist Army; and the leaders of the new China, joined by the students, are fanatical in their efforts to drive the "foreign devils" from their country. As an understanding missionary explains the situation to Holman, "What would *you* do if Chinese gunboats were sailing up the Mississippi?"

The missionary, who runs a school far up the Yangtze, wants no help from the crew of the *San Pablo*. A man of peace, he feels that nationalism can only lead to wars. When the gunboat arrives under orders to evacuate him and his staff, he declares himself a "stateless person" and refuses to leave. Ironically, in order to reach the mission, the ship has had to run a blockade manned by the students he trained at the school, and its official protectors. With his protection gone, the missionary is killed by Nationalist soldiers and, soon after, so is Holman and most of the *San Pablo*'s crew.

Obviously, this is not only strange, but rather strong stuff for a multi-million dollar spectacular, and a far cry indeed from the marshmallowy *Sound of Music*. But just as, within the limitations of that

film, director Wise was speaking for human dignity and freedom of the spirit, in the wider dimensions afforded by *The Sand Pebbles* he is able to put forward some provocative ideas about the nature of nationalism, American intervention, and the need for a more basic understanding among people—ideas that are as relevant to our role in Vietnam today as they were to our position in China forty years ago.

Robert Anderson's brilliantly succinct script blunts none of this, neither our untenable position in China in 1926 nor its implications for Vietnam in 1966. But the remarkable thing is that he achieves this with a minimum of harangue. The missionary is what he is, and he defends his position only when forced to do so by the *San Pablo*'s well-meaning but jingoistic captain. Holman is simply searching for a decent way of life; and the tragedy of the film is that when he finally finds it, it is denied him by the intolerance of which he was unwittingly a part.

But action—often bloody, always colorful—is the essence of this film; and Wise has been nobly abetted by a script that keeps hurtling forward for more than three hours with scarcely a let-up in pace, by authentic-looking backgrounds in Taiwan and Hong Kong that are more than adequate stand-ins for the Chinese mainland, and by a large and excellent cast that seems wholly responsive to what the film is trying to say. Of the latter, Richard Crenna is outstanding as the starchy captain, Candice Bergen attractive as a missionary teacher, Richard Attenborough effective as a sailor who falls in love with a Chinese girl in a house of shame—and all of them dominated by Steve McQueen, who is nothing short of wonderful in the pivotal role of Holman.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

"Please, Martha, I'm trying to hear the roar of the city."

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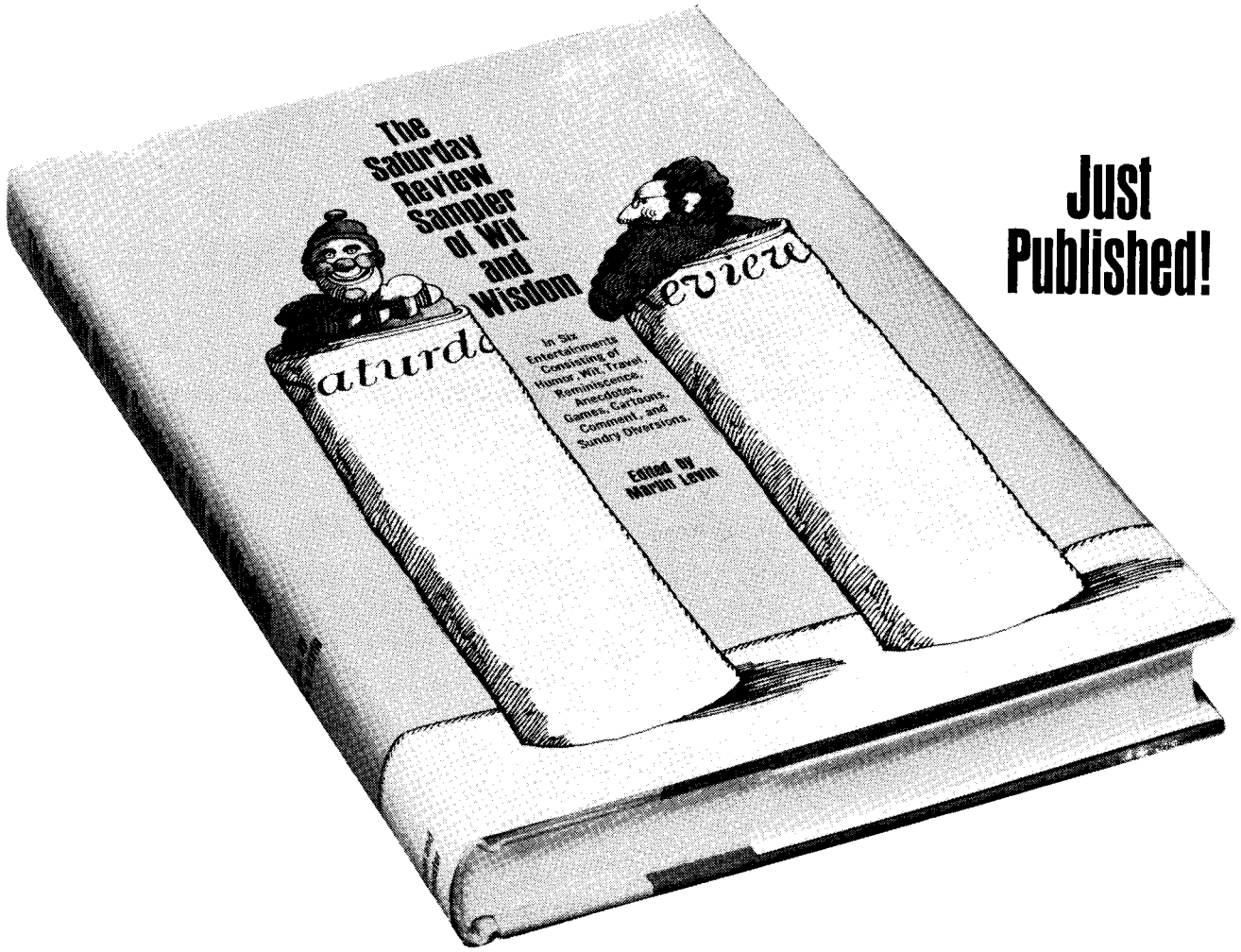
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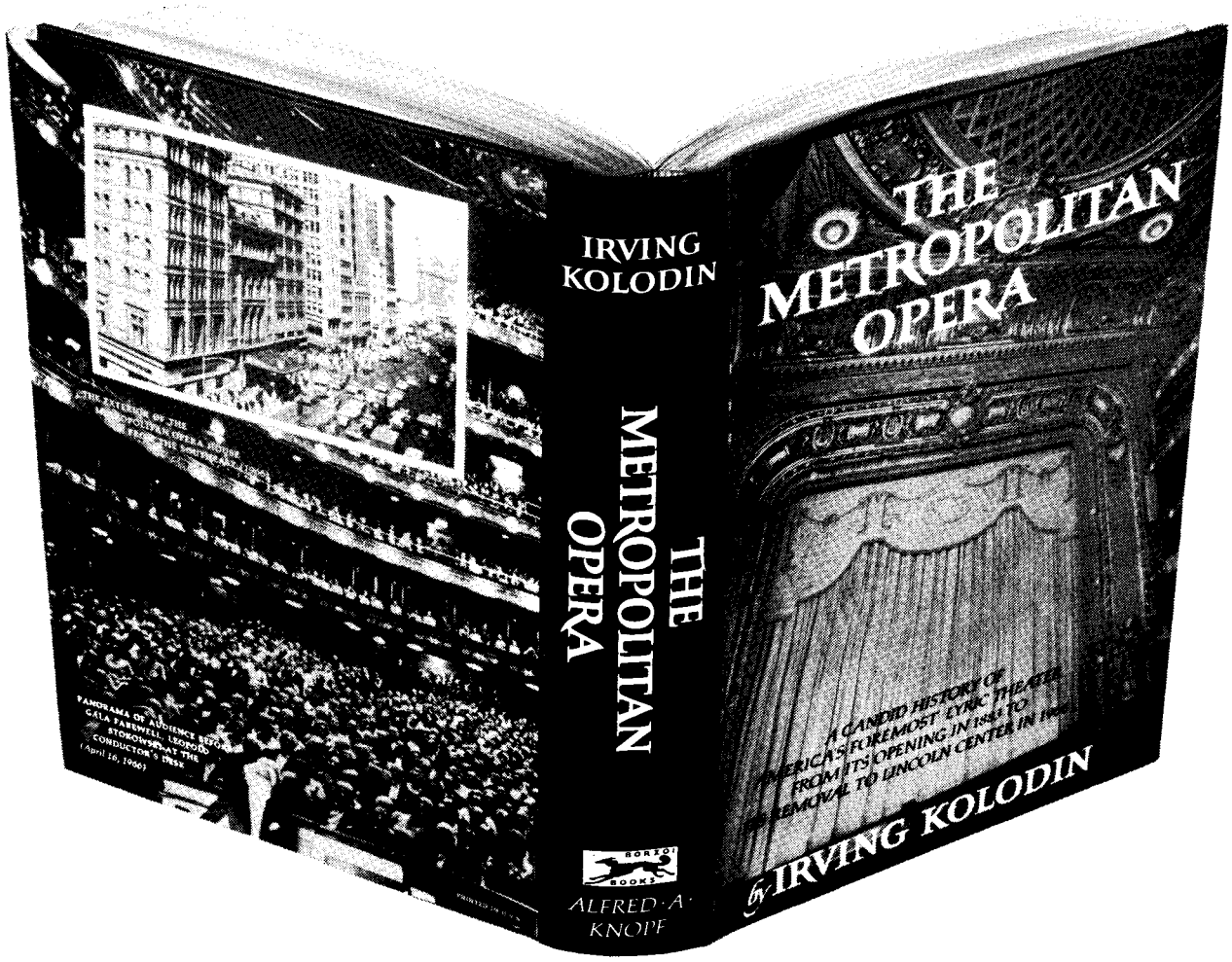
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Man Himself Talking

STUDS TERKEL's daily radio programs, featuring readings, documentaries, and interviews with world notables in literature and the arts, are heard in Chicago over WFMT, an award-winning commercial "fine arts" station, and in New York over WRVR, the noncommercial Riverside Church station. Listeners occasionally have been startled to hear unidentified voices of people who are unmistakably not of the academic or celebrity worlds. One voice, in response to the question, "Suppose you were God?" answered, "I'd have it so, when somebody goes to kill anybody, whatever they're usin' wouldn't work. And they couldn't kill nobody. They'd all go out and work together and grow food and stuff. They'd have fun together after workin' hard. No one person could set hisself up as lord and keeper."

The voices—compelling, provocative—are excerpts from more than a hundred on-the-spot interviews recorded by Mr. Terkel in Chicago: on streets, in taverns, in offices, in homes. They are, he says, people of "inchoate thought . . . rather than the consciously articulate . . . homeowners, homemakers, landladies, project dwellers, old settlers, new arrivals, skilled hands, unskilled, the retired, the young, the *haut monde*, the *demi-monde*, the solid middle *monde*. . . ."

"Guerrilla journalism," the interviewer calls it—"making conversation; and listening." Now this urban prowler with the tape-recorder has edited the transcripts of the interviews and assembled them in *Division Street: America*, a book to be published in January by Pantheon. People who have read advance copies report that they "can't put it down. It just holds you." Students of urban life will find the book a valuable social document. The general reader will be entertained by it, often moved. The author, busy with his regular broadcasts, says he hasn't had time to produce a radio series of his tapes. But this, in its origin, is radio—good radio—and it should be heard.

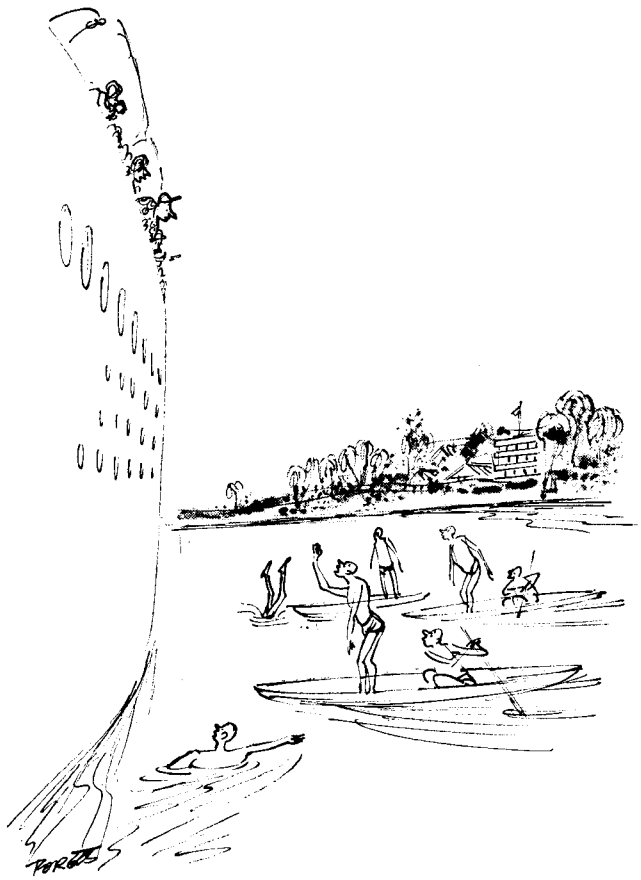
At the Johnson Foundation's Wingspread Conference on Educational Radio in Racine, Wisconsin, where I first heard excerpts, the conference participants searched for a role that noncommercial radio could play in the coming era of satellite communications. "Do what broadcasting was meant to do," a speaker told the conference. "Confront great numbers of people with relevant and revealing images of themselves. Don't aspire to high culture, imitating educational television. Get out into the community. Stop talking in élitist vocabulary. Get the silent people of our society into the democratic act. Nobody else is doing this in broadcasting. It's virgin territory. Grab it."

Studs Terkel has done just this. The subculture is not necessarily a matter of social class. He has a Chicago social lioness on his tapes; two advertising agency men ("one of whom loves his job as much as the other loathes his"); the wife of an ex-Wall Street lawyer, and others of the middle and upper classes. The real subculture lies in the hidden feelings and thoughts of Americans buried under the official mythology of the mass media. Radio today is awash with talk, but most of it is the yawp of trivia, chatter, gossip, the strident rasp of the staged controversy or the measured intellectualism of the public figure. The Bomb is a theme in the Terkel interviews; so are Vietnam and civil rights and automation. But these archetypal issues are set in the context of people's deepest, most poignant, triumphant, or bitter personal experiences. "Not the doctrine of the announced idea. The man must listen to man himself talking." These sentences are spoken on one of the tapes by a Chicago architect, expressing his faith that "in the individual must lie the way out, because he is society."

In the phrase "man himself talking" the architect tersely described *Division Street: America*. There is hate in the talkers, and tenderness, despair, hurt, cynicism, an agonizing emptiness, and, sparingly, a sad hope. "I'm dedicated to one principle," declares a fascinating, compulsively fierce Chicago con-man, "taking money away from unqualified dilettantes who earn it through nepotism." In each of the speakers there is a piece of every listener.

Industrial societies, a political scientist has said, create inevitable tensions which create destructiveness and irresponsibility. *Division Street* is a metaphor describing the split psyche and the schizoid society. If these are to be healed, they must be confronted, listened to. This is radio's unique opportunity. Studs Terkel has shown us one way to open the ear.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



"What am I supposed to do with a subway token?"

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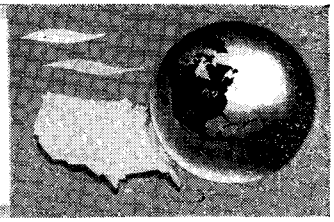
As Others See Us



MONTREAL:

Labor's Changing Allegiance

ONE OF THE MOST significant features of the election in the United States was the considerable movement of the labor vote away from the Democratic party and into the Republican party. It was of particular interest not because it was something altogether new, but as a return to an older viewpoint.

It was the advice of the great American labor leader of other days, Samuel Gompers, that labor should not ally itself too closely or for too long with any political party. . . . It would enlarge its power by keeping the parties guessing and waiting and soliciting. It was Gompers's formula that labor should punish its foes and reward its friends, no matter who they might happen to be.

It has seemed, for many a long year, as though the attitude of Samuel Gompers had been abandoned. Labor seemed to have committed itself to the Democrats. . . . There were, of course, exceptions. But these formed no general pattern. They were the particular decisions of particular labor leaders who had gone their own way and were singular in doing so.

But in this election the strategic shift of labor toward the Republicans assumed impressive proportions. A remarkable example was in Detroit's Wayne County, where the membership of the United Auto Workers is concentrated. Its vote went for the Republican George Romney as Governor of Michigan. . . . Though [Gompers] may have modified his views in later years he retained his essential conviction that labor's power will never be so great as when it is a weight that can be shifted to different scales. In [the recent] voting in the United States this shift of labor's weight had notable results. —*The Gazette.*

OTTAWA:

The President's Recovery

WHATEVER MAY be said in criticism of the execution of some of [President Johnson's] policies, he is a man who has labored without ceasing, despite the dread warning of a heart attack years ago, in the service of his nation, which is also the service of freedom. . . . Mr. Johnson, resting after his operations in the security of [his home in Texas], should benefit from the rest doctors at last can order. If he returns to the White House well and refreshed—and a little more careful of his energies—the confidence of the free world will be given another lift.

—*The Ottawa Journal.*

America—Nomad's-land: Humbert Humbert, driving Lolita endlessly from motel to motel, lived out one of the most fundamental of all American myths, the idea that *you can always move on.* The feeling is one which I've heard even the most skeptical Americans express in one form or another. They mean it figuratively—that you can change jobs and even careers comparatively easily, or get a college education in middle life. But they also mean it literally—that if you don't like it where you are, there's always somewhere else.

Americans spend [billions of dollars] a year getting themselves about this vast country. . . . They move out of the country into the towns, out of the South into the North, out of the Midwest into the East, and out of practically everywhere—Midwest, East, North, and South alike—to the West Coast and the West. . . .

The faith in the potentialities of Moving On springs from the optimism which is such an attractive and humanistic attribute of the American character, and nourishes the sense of liberty which Americans undoubtedly feel. Like the hope of heaven, it makes the shortcomings of the here and now endurable; but I suspect that it also helps to perpetuate the shortcomings—to encourage the impermanent, makeshift atmosphere which renders some places in America so ripe to be Moved On from.

And imagine Moving On to heaven, and finding that it was after all only a temporary, improvised heaven, made tolerable only by the hope of eventually Moving On again—to another temporary heaven a thousand miles down the road. . . . —*Frayn in The Observer, London.*

MANCHESTER:

Republican Resurgence

THE OFF-YEAR ELECTION—that is to say a Congressional election which falls between two Presidential elections—is more often than not a complicated and intensely domestic affair in which politicians with national ambitions labor to invent national issues. . . . Most of the time, while the off-year election is a local preoccupation of the voter, it is a professional concern to the pros, and an incomparable tracer of the rise and fall of personal political fortunes. The professionals, who two years from now will form the state delegations that pick the two Presidential candidates, look on the off-year elections as a new edition of the political Who's Who. . . . When the delegations to the national nominating conventions begin to form in the spring of 1968, the men who will be remembered by the out-party (the in-party has no other choice than the willing incumbent) are the men who racked up the suprising majorities. . . .

So far as we can see now, the Republican resurgence has thrown up two new "comers," Ronald Reagan of California and Charles Percy of Illinois; has strengthened the claims of an older one, Governor George Romney of Michigan; and has, most significantly, renewed Richard Nixon's presumptive lease on the White House. . . . At fifty-three, [Richard Nixon] has been a Congressman, Senator, Vice President, Presidential nominee, and he has the art of being all things to all the men who are greatly in his debt, including the Eastern establishment, the Midwestern core, and the West Coast right wing. The real Republican winner . . . was Nixon.

—*Alistair Cooke in the Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

LONDON:

Strangers in a Strange Land

NEW YORK CITY is not a friendly place. It offers little hospitality to its own sons and daughters, much less to those of other U.S. cities, still less to foreigners. . . . This has proved a particularly tragic problem for many United Nations delegates and their families. Too often, men and women who had been among the most respected citizens of their own lands arrive in New York to find they are even unable to rent a flat outside the black slums of Harlem. U.S. Government intervention has solved that problem somewhat.

But the problem of loneliness for these people has yet to be solved. It is such a great problem, in fact, that a number of Americans have formed "friendship" committees to help lonely delegates and

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their wives develop some sort of happy social life in New York, which, according to the head of one such group, produces a "culture shock" for many new arrivals. . . .

Organizations like the Women's Africa Committee and the United Nations itself try to help solve the problem by having many parties and establishing small, special-interest "clubs". . . . But, as a spokesman for such a group explained, "these don't do a total job, because they only attract outgoing, responsive, extroverted people who do get along easily in any culture. . . ." Where these organizations fail entirely . . . is in establishing contact with the shy, introverted, frightened members of delegates' families—the woman who sits at home alone all day in her flat, fearful of the noise, the traffic, the people, and whirlpool of activity in the streets outside. —*Statist.*

PARIS:

Choosing the Right Analogy

THE STATEMENTS made by General de Gaulle on Vietnam are no different from those he made at Pnompenh; the same invitation to America to put an end to the war, the same comparison with the edifying, exemplary conduct of France in Algeria. . . . A military victory by the United States, he says, is impossible, and a fortiori, a victory by the North Vietnamese or the Vietcong. . . .

The fact is that the leaders on the other side of the Atlantic . . . do not accept and cannot accept the comparison of Algeria and Vietnam. They are, moreover, right on a precise point: The United States has no intention of transforming South Vietnam into the fifty-first state, in the manner envisioned by the partisans of French Algeria for *la belle France*. . . . If the United States abandoned its course in Vietnam it would not be renouncing an empire but a role in Southeast Asia. None of the Asiatic states, not even those who most stridently condemn American action, wishes this renunciation. . . .

If, instead of referring to the case of Algeria, which derives from the historic process of decolonization, one recalls the destiny of all countries divided into two states, one of Soviet alliance, one of non-Communist alliance, one would have a better chance of seeing reality. . . . All countries which become, to their misfortune, the object of world politics undergo . . . the repercussions of rivalries between great countries. It is in leading the North Vietnamese to understand the servitude of their geographic situation and its historic conjuncture that one will reapproach the hour of peace.

—*Le Figaro.*

HAMBURG:

Election Assessment

AS WAS to be expected [in the elections] the Republicans were able to recapture much of the terrain they lost in 1964. . . . The sizable victory of Nelson Rockefeller was one of the significant surprises of the elections. It strengthens the cause of progressive Republicanism. . . .

That the American electorate has corrected a certain imbalance in the 1964 returns is a normal swing of the pendulum. The minority party generally gains ground in midterm elections. . . . The voters have availed themselves of this opportunity, but without repudiating President Johnson. . . . —*Die Welt.*

MOSCOW:

The Republican Strategy

POLICY-MAKERS in the Republican party apparently hope to keep playing on the fears of Americans. In all likelihood, they will make the most of the general concern, with an eye to the 1968 elections. In pressuring the administration for more energetic action in Vietnam they realize that the Democrats, not they, will get the full blast of the growing anger over the war. . . . No one appears to have any doubt that a further escalation will mean a greater quotient of pain for America. But as for victory, that remains highly questionable. . . .

Escalation can only get America more deeply involved and make it still more difficult to pull out. It is on this foundation that the Republican leaders are building election plans. They demand a larger U.S. commitment, knowing full well that the Democrats will have to do the answering. . . . Two years ago, the Democrats depicted Barry Goldwater against the background of a nuclear mushroom. The results . . . were disastrous. Now it looks as though the Republicans hope to kill their opponents' chances in 1968 by representing the Democratic candidate in the midst of napalm flares. . . . —*Radio Moscow.*

PEKING:

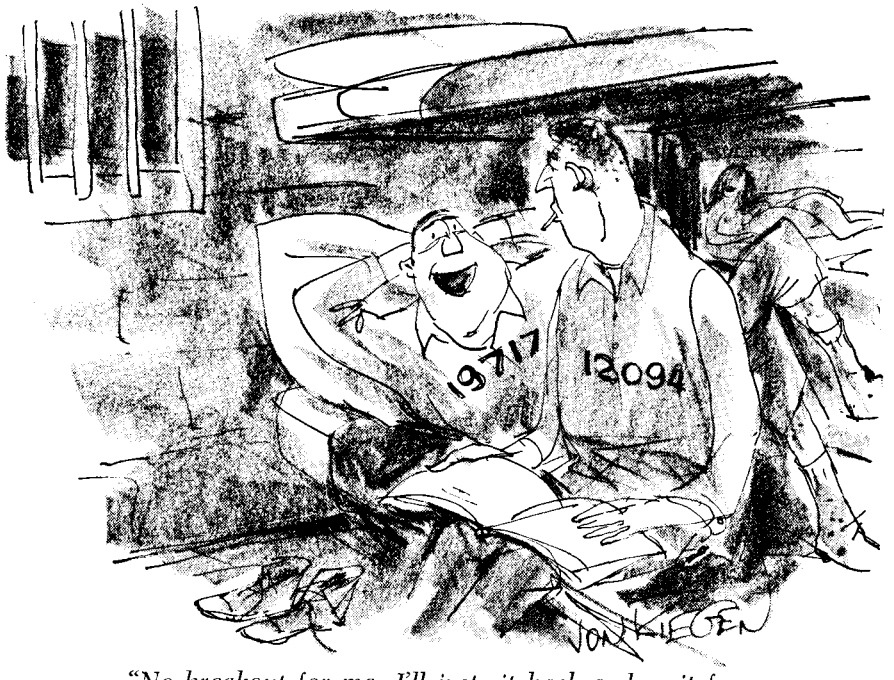
Mao's Missile

CHINA'S SUCCESSFUL guided missile-nuclear weapon test dealt a direct blow at the two nuclear overlords, the United States and the Soviet Union. They were completely floored by the test and lost both their bearings and their tongues for some time. . . .

This latest miracle created by the Chinese people under the guidance of Mao Tse-tung's thought has made all the oppressed nations and oppressed people happy and proud and left the imperialists, modern revisionists, and reactionaries in all countries crestfallen. . . .

Before Johnson left for Asia, the U.S. State Department gazed into its crystal ball and chose an auspicious day for his trip. He did not imagine that only half way on his Asian tour he would run into the guided missile-nuclear weapon test of the Chinese people. This event, seemingly a matter of coincidence, is symbolic. It shows that in our time there is no longer any auspicious day for imperialism to speak of.

—*Commentator, Renmin Ribao.*



"No breakout for me—I'll just sit back and wait for the right Supreme Court ruling to come along."

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O'Brien of MGM

Continued from page 19

starred a relative unknown, Elizabeth Hartman, with a distinguished actor—but not a glamour type—Sidney Poitier. O'Brien wanted to have the film made and gave it the go-ahead on a relatively low budget. The surprise came when the film brought in a remarkable $8,000,000 in domestic revenues. "These things happen sometimes," he said, "and are very gratifying. When a picture reaches the $3,000,000 mark in sales, it can go anywhere from that point on. On the other hand, pictures that looked good at the script stage will never reach that level and may wash out entirely. That happened with our recent *Mr. Buddwing*. It just never added up to a good picture, in spite of all the work that went into it."

O'Brien took a tolerant, if wary view of critics, who sometimes like and sometimes don't like MGM pictures. They didn't like *Mr. Buddwing*, and it failed. On the other hand, they didn't like *The Singing Nun*, either, and that made a sizable fortune for MGM. "Naturally," O'Brien said, "we like good comments on our pictures from the critics. We also like to have a very good box office. If we can have both, this is an ideal situation, but if we have to make a choice we'll go with the people."

Thus O'Brien appears to be opting for Jeffersonian democracy over aristocratic Platonism, and, presumably, stockholders wouldn't want it any other way. O'Brien represents responsible management from that point of view. Critics may rage venomously or reason brilliantly, but O'Brien plays it the way he sees it. He tries to look into the future, too, and his instincts tell him that the talents coming up are more likely to emerge from the seed beds of television than from those independent spirits who bare their artistic souls on 16 mm. film. "Stanley Kubricks and David Leans," he said, "are rare fellows, and there are never enough of that kind. They're always in short supply. Yet we do get a new feed of creative talent, particularly at those points I regard as most important, the directors and writers. Television hasn't turned out many great performers, as I see it, but it has turned out promising writers and directors. Frankenheimer, Norman Jewison, Robert Mulligan, and Arthur Hiller have already come out of the medium. We're watching several others, and we try to get them with us, make them comfortable and contented, and of course that's part of getting their best work."

Ten years ago, Bosley Crowther chose Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the subject of a book called *The Lion's Share* and in it he wrote, "Its history presents a clear and characteristic pattern of how the American film industry evolved." The American film industry, now inextricably linked with television, is still evolving, and MGM's pattern is still characteristic. After periods of crisis, panic, and drastic changes in management, the company is once more an entertainment monolith. From where O'Brien sits on the 28th floor the view is sweeping, though occasionally obscured with haze. Leo the lion is not roaring as proudly as it once did, but, at the moment, it is purring far more contentedly, with "Lara's Theme" playing softly in the background.

Theater

Continued from page 61

don't mind, honest I don't. I'll find something to do." Later he drolly explodes his wife's bedtime cold cream habit with, "Every night between the sheet, must you look like trick-or-treat?" But the show's real highlight is his absurdly self-deluded rendition of "A Well Known Fact," in which he modestly likens his now middle-aged self to "the late October Rose" and rationalizes his love affair with a younger woman by explaining that "men of forty go to town, women go to pot." Preston is just great strutting about the stage with top hat and stick to capture the full James Thurberish ridiculousness of the situation.

Mr. Champion has also exploited the theatricality of the form. For instance, at the beginning of the second act, he lights up the orchestra behind the scrim and we appreciate the opportunity suddenly to meet the musicians in this way. For his stars, he has devised a charming barefoot vaudeville routine and a duet in which he plays the saxophone and she plays the violin. And what could be simpler and, at the same time, more effective than having the couple enter old age by merely sitting down and putting on gray makeup before our eyes?

The music is gently pleasing and the lyrics contain insight. When one hears marriage described as "a very private thing done in a very public way," one is aware of a point of view on the part of the adaptor that is not fully enough achieved by the show, which frequently lapses into superficial celebration of conventional generalities. We are congenially entertained, but almost never stirred by the proceedings. *I Do! I Do!* is easy to admire, but hard to get terribly enthusiastic about.

A SPANISH folk tragedy such as Federico Garcia Lorca's *Yerma* would seem a strange choice for a motley group of American performers to attempt. And indeed the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center production suffers from its non-Spanish casting. For this tense, dramatic poem deals with the tight-lipped struggle between a woman's overwhelming desire to give birth to children and her deeply inbred sense of honor which keeps her from committing adultery or abandoning her cold husband in order to do so. While this theme may be common to a number of European countries, it is alien to our melting-pot civilization.

Guest director John Hirsch, who has done some superior productions in Canada, scene designer David Hays, and costume designer James Hart Stearns have done their best to make the proceedings as Spanish as Goya. On a blood-red thrust stage in front of sunbleached white façades, the performers do everything within their power to capture the Spanish flavor and atmosphere. Visually they succeed, with the women standing spread-legged the way women accustomed to manual labor do. Moving effectively through the story like predatory crows are two straight-backed sisters dressed in black. And in one beautifully staged scene, a group of women wash clothes in an imaginary stream and leave us with a memorable vision.

But when they speak, something is immediately false. They appear to be generating emotions unrelated to the situation in order to justify the rich profusion of poetic images in W. S. Merwin's translation. They are no longer peasants but ingénues and character actors.

As the frustrated Yerma, Gloria Foster seems so rebellious that we find it hard to believe she would not do something practical about her problem. Furthermore, she seems so concerned with resentment that we do not sense her deep sadness about the love affair she cannot have with a neighboring shepherd whom she silently loves and who loves her. Where Miss Foster *is* effective is in the scene where she curses her body and resigns herself to her fate, and in her final violent eruption in which her body takes its revenge. Perhaps Miss Foster's too eager embracement of her own tragedy makes Frank Langella seem more sympathetic than he should as her sterile husband, though he, too, is effective in the final scene. Aline MacMahon contributes to a sense of stoicism as a wise old woman, though at times she seems more out of Synge than out of Lorca.

Despite its shortcomings, this production is promising. For the first time since the Vivian Beaumont Theater was inaugurated there is a healthy feeling that the assembled vital talents are stretching themselves with enthusiasm, theatricality, and inner conviction in the service of a play. That they have only partly achieved their objective is evident. But they have not allowed an awareness of this shortcoming to inhibit their effort.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SOUTHWESTERN ADOBE. Modern custom designed home close to cultural, business center. On 7 beautiful acres near river. Mountain view. Also other Rio Grande Valley properties. B. Johnstone, Broker. 401-B San Felipe N.W., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87104.

SHAKER HOUSE—Harvard, Massachusetts. 14 rooms, 30 minutes Rt. 128. $32,000. By Owner. 617-772-0831.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE: 25 acre lush banana and citrus plantation for permanent residence or vacation hideaway minutes from Montego Bay, Jamaica. Write SR Box W-614.

For Rent—Furnished

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—Beautiful house by sea—20 acres. Box W-633.

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HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

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APARTMENT AVAILABLE

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PROPERTY FOR SALE

FOR SALE—½ acre lot, Birchwood Lakes, Poconos, Pike County, Pennsylvania. 2 hours New York City. Private lakes with beach houses, boating, tennis, recreation hall, shuffleboard courts. Golfing and skiing nearby. 3 miles to shopping and houses of worship. Very reasonable. Box W-338.

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FOOTLIGHT RANCH—A summer workshop for the Performing Arts in southeastern Pennsylvania, with professional instruction for qualified high school and college students in Music, Dance and Drama. June 25th to August 19th. Write: Arts Council of York County, 225 East Market Street, York, Pennsylvania 17403.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1707

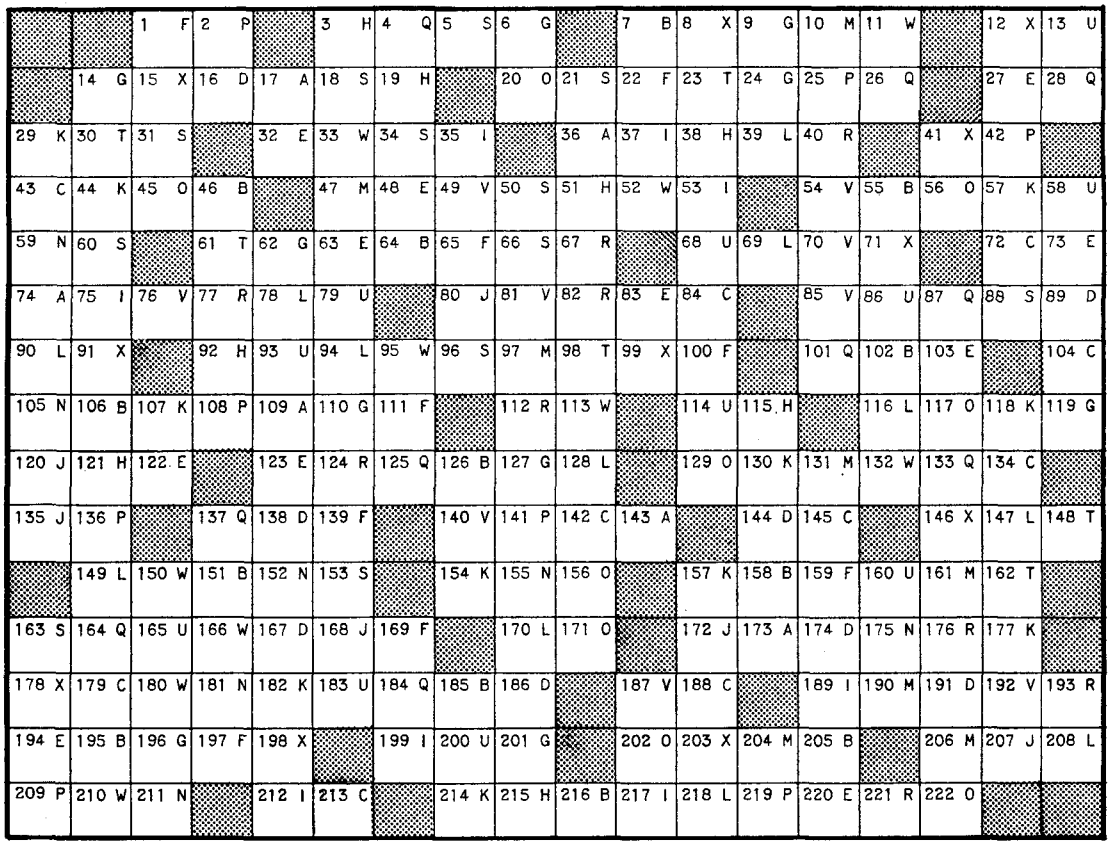
Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Object worn on the body to avert evil.	74 36 109 173 143 17
B. Courtesy title of the Episcopal bishop, prothonotary apostolic, etc. (2 wds.)	151 216 64 102 126 46 55 7 106 158 185 / 205 195
C. Followed by *ten*, 3 wds. which pronounce a knockout; by *Monte Cristo*, a well-known romantic hero.	213 43 134 142 104 179 188 84 72 145
D. Said of a ship so distant that only her superstructure shows over the horizon (2 wds.)	138 89 167 16 186 144 174 191
E. Favorable climate the baby rhesus monkey gains by its clinging to its mother's belly through infancy.	194 63 122 103 73 27 48 32 123 220 83
F. Continuing function, necessary to keep the garden free of unwanted growth.	169 111 22 139 159 1 65 197 100
G. Thin-bladed medieval dagger, supposed to be used for the "coup de grace."	14 196 119 201 110 62 9 127 24 6
H. Deprive of strength.	51 19 3 215 121 92 38 115
I. Rapturous; transported.	35 189 53 75 212 199 37 217
J. Vast African region, ranging in elevation from 100 ft. below sea level to over 11,200 ft. high.	120 172 207 168 80 135
K. Specifying a meteorological phenomenon often cited in weather predictions (comp.)	214 118 154 157 130 182 57 177 29 107 44
L. Resounding note with which Lily Pons always ended the famous Bell Song (3 wds.)	39 116 149 208 78 128 90 69 147 94 170 / 218
M. Just begun.	131 97 206 47 190 10 161 204
N. Plant with a rootstock, fleshy and nutritious.	181 175 152 211 59 105 155
O. Impede freedom of thought, action, etc., with resultant constraint.	171 20 129 202 117 222 45 56 156
P. Priest in Mozart's *Magic Flute*.	136 25 2 141 219 108 209 42
Q. Cave dweller.	101 87 4 133 125 28 184 26 137 164
R. All birds, from hummingbirds to ostriches (2 wds.)	221 67 82 193 112 176 124 77 40
S. Evergreen shrub with handsome, showy blossoms, native to Himalayas but common in U.S.	5 60 18 50 21 34 153 66 31 163 88 / 96
T. Prophetesses.	148 98 23 162 30 61
U. Followed by WORD W, the greatest absurdity (3 wds.)	86 183 58 165 200 160 79 13 68 114 93
V. Lodgment of a tooth in the jawbone.	187 54 140 70 192 85 81 76 49
W. See WORD U.	11 95 132 33 180 166 52 150 210 113
X. Approximately the whole interval from now to September 1 (2 wds.)	15 8 198 91 71 203 12 99 41 146 178

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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